XENOPHON
SOLDIER OF FORTUNE

BY

LEO V. JACKS

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The Xenophon of Mr. Jacks's book s quite a different figure from the man with whom generations of students stumbled from protasis to apodosis through countless weary parasangs. He is a living, breathing man, and he and his companions in arms are as real and vital as Cap'n Flagg and Sergeant Quirk.

Here one reads of the young Xenophon, one of the keen, sharp-witted Greek youths who sat at the feet of Socrates and crossed mental blades with him in sparkling arguments as full of spice and wit today as when the Pathenon was new; Xenophon, the gentleman adventurer who, with the passing of the great days in Athens, entered the service of dashing young Cyrus, himself an adventurer, who staked his vast fortune on a bold dash across Mesopotamia to the throne and city of the Great King and placed his faith in the sturdy arms of his ten thousand Greek hoplites, the finest soldiers of the age.

This is the tale of Xenophon the strategist, diplomat, and leader who shepherded his hard-boiled outfit through raids and carouses until the fierce conflict of Cunaxa saw the death of the impetuous Persian prince and left the army stranded, and without objective, across the world from home. In all literature there is no more stirring narrative of adventure than the homeward journey of the Ten Thousand, fighting Persian armies and hostile tribes every step of the way, their bronze armor dinted and worn, but their spirits high and ready to loot some hapless village—especially if the wine was heady and the women handsome.

Mr. Jacks recaptures to its greatest extent the hardships of the march, the thrill of the sudden onslaught of wild tribesmen, and the rough humor of midnight revels when even so hardy and level-headed a soldier as Xenophon—in a magnificent moment—presented his entire army to a savage kinglet.

The book does not stop with the successful culmination of the march back to the sea, but carries Xenophon on through his later years in the service of the Spartans, which has its climax in a superb description of the battle of Coronea when "Greek met Greek" and the men of Sparta, with the expatriate Xenophon in their ranks, fought the men of Athens to a conclusion that wrecked both victor and vanquished. It is a book for all those who love gallantry and adventure and who thrill to the clash of arms.

Few men are more fitted, by vocation and background, to re-create the life of Xenophon than Mr. Jacks, who taught Greek and wrote "Service Record by an Artilleryman" (published March, 1928). His own participation in the war revealed at first hand that kind of man who would have been a soldier in any age —under Foch, Napoleon, Cromwell, Charlemagne, Cæsar, Xenophon—and enabled him to imbue the classical wars and times, about which he had studied, with the glow and passion of reality.

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SOLDIER OF FORTUNE

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XENOPHON

SOLDIER *of* FORTUNE

By

the author of "Service Record by an Artilleryman"

L. V. JACKS, Ph.D.

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A

TO
MY FATHER AND MOTHER

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FOREWORD

In writing this narrative the primary purpose was to produce a clear, rapid, and comprehensive story of Xenophon's life and adventures that would be of interest to the general reader. Consequently no attempt has been made to go into the elaborate *minutiæ* of research scholarship.

But the writer has adopted no hypothesis not well substantiated by text or fair inference, and for the rest has endeavored to picture Xenophon and his soldiers as these men actually were, neither particularly good nor bad; but young men trying to make their fortunes according to the approved standards of their age. We can understand these soldiers much better, and judge them far more fairly if we remember that every century and country has its own norms of comparison, and much which shocks our modern western civilization seemed commonplace to these ancient folk.

They had, generally, the same hopes and ambitions we have, and though twenty-three

centuries lie between them and us, we are still in the military and adventuring spirit their kin. Sometimes they had good luck, sometimes bad, and they were gay or dejected accordingly, as men are to-day.

By far the greater part of this work is necessarily based upon Zenophon's own compositions. But though he wrote voluminously for his age, the "Anabasis" is the only book in which he tells us much about himself. Other references are scattered, and must be pieced together point by point.

Nevertheless, though the young soldier and historian was so modest, he does let us see a great deal by inference. Sir Alexander Grant wrote: "There is none of the ancient Greek authors whose personality stands more clearly before us than that of Xenophon. We owe this entirely to his own writings."

The reason that this is true lies in Xenophon's absolute frankness. He never hesitated to say what he thought about the situations in which he was involved, and his naïveté reveals a good deal of the workings of his own mind. Remembering, too, that most of his publica-

tions were composed in mature life, this naïve directness becomes all the more informative.

In the matter of quotation, and more particularly in the case of the speeches, some of which are rather lengthy in the original, I have abridged freely to serve the general trend of the text.

In addition, the "History" of Diodorus Siculus, the "History" of Polybius, Arrian's "Anabasis of Alexander," Plutarch's "Lives," and Diogenes Laertius' "Lives of the Philosophers," and many other sources, have also furnished bits of additional material, either about Xenophon, or about the army, or the countries he lived in, and the folk with whom he was associated.

L. V. Jacks.

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LIFE IN ATHENS

ONE bright spring morning, so an ancient legend runs, Socrates was walking down the cobbled avenue that led to the market-place of Athens. His ungainly figure, and his ugly face with its flat nose, thick lips and twinkling eyes, are as well known to thousands the world over as if they saw him but yesterday taking the air on their own thoroughfares. With the swinging stride of a pot-bellied quartermaster-sergeant, and the deceptive demeanor of a student athirst for knowledge, his bulbous nose shining, his little eyes rolling to miss nothing, Socrates went along.

On the rough cobblestones his sandals clacked like castanets, gutters at either side of the narrow street were filthy and unwashed, the wind whipped his worn gray tunic. Nearing his destination, he walked almost against a boy who was not in one half so much of a hurry. Like the old soldier he was, Socrates stopped to survey his discovery.

The boy who later led armies and wrote histories represented the best patrician tradition of

Athens. Curly dark hair, hazel eyes, and regular clear features made the natural freshness of youth more attractive. Chroniclers of the day agreed that Xenophon was uncommonly handsome.

With an abrupt gesture the examiner in the gray tunic checked his find, and began to ask the price of groceries, and the location of the markets. The boy felt some surprise. But he answered politely enough till his bright-eyed old questioner dropped the frank manner, and inquired quizzically if he knew where one could find what is beautiful and good.

To Xenophon such a commodity was too abstract to be nailed down readily. He was at a loss when the old man said finally: "If you will follow me, you can learn."*

Xenophon went along readily enough. Every one had heard of the eccentric and clever Socrates, and to the young fellow who had come to Athens to attend school, acquaintanceship with Socrates was a godsend. Xenophon had spent his early years on a farm that his father Gryl-

*This yarn is told by Diogenes Laertius, and is second century, A. D.

lus owned in Ercheia, a county twelve miles east of Athens. In this boy Socrates saw a shrewd and earnest youngster who suspected the value of education, and who would make the most of one. As for the philosopher, countless legends were being circulated about him, and his troubles with his red-haired wife, Xantippe.

Xenophon enrolled in Socrates' school of philosophy. He never regretted the act. Before he was in Socrates' classes, he had had some early or elementary instruction from Prodicus, the famous sophist.

Socrates ran his school as a little public academy from which no one who wanted to hear his lectures was barred, though many folk nervously shunned all contact with his sharp-tongued dialectic. In the modern sense Socrates could hardly be called a teacher, for he instructed his associates very scantily. But in a wider sense he was perhaps the greatest teacher in the world, for he made his pupils teach themselves. Xenophon early absorbed the art, and it stayed with him throughout life. Countless incidents afterward befell, in which the

hard-headed Socratean habits of reasoning stood him in good stead.

Xenophon was a close student, for he was the first to make a regular practice of taking notes of all the conversations and lectures. His contemporaries marvelled at this habit.*

As for the master, if his school was irregularly held, and still more irregularly attended, while from day to day its location changed, it was none the less truly a school. Libraries and laboratories do not make a university, but the faculty does. Take away its material, and you may still have a university. Take away its faculty, and you have nothing. And Socrates' was the finest school of practical experience the world has ever seen, for the students learned by teaching the teacher. And the world will not soon see another such teacher.

As one day followed another, and this curious seminar met wherever its instructor happened to be, the inevitable logic began, and the cross-examination of the speakers followed.

*His "Memorabilia" or recollections of Socrates, which make four reasonably large books totalling some two hundred and fifty octavo pages, are the gleanings from these notepads, aided by memory.

But out of it all grew the sincerest friendship among the pupils that one will find in the world to date.

Young Xenophon discovered this to be an ideal existence, a life in which quick and subtile wit played the guiding rôle. Eager to work and to learn, the young man was satisfactorily equipped to join Socratean philosophy to Periclean culture. And out of this Socratean training so liberally bestowed, he could draw a style of elegance and simplicity that charms us after twenty-three centuries, with its freshness and fragrance unimpaired by the passage of years.

Here Xenophon met the curly-haired Alcibiades, said then and after to be the handsomest boy in Attica. This young villain was still to a slight extent disciplined in the entourage of Socrates. Sunbrowned, suave, and athletic, with no more sense of fear or of ethics than a wolf, and seemingly no serious ambition in life, Alcibiades made a profound impression on the rural-minded Xenophon, a boy of quite different training and parentage. To Alcibiades life was a joke, to kill time elegantly his am-

bition for the moment. Like Cæsar, Napoleon, and Mussolini, he began in a small way.

Here, too, Xenophon met Critias, who was already showing signs of his evil temper. A brilliant and headstrong fellow Critias, whose name has come down to us linked with that of Alcibiades as one of the pair of ruffians Socrates was accused of corrupting. Brain attracts brain, and Socrates, preternaturally subtile and shrewd, drew to himself, as a magnet draws steel, every quick and tireless brain in the city.

It is curious to note that while such pupils as Plato and Euclid seem to have leaned consistently toward speculative thinking, the practical and unimaginative Xenophon derived from Socrates' conversations chiefly solid precepts for the conduct of life. He took the gods for granted, as readily as he accepted the star-sprinkled sky or the moonlit roll of the Ægean.

Every day, rain or shine, for he gave as little heed to personal comfort as to frothy convention, the old soldier was out for his constitutional. In the gossiping market, on the street, in the cool, ivy-covered porticoes of the

white, tall marble temples, his pupils flocked to his side. This life fascinated the youth from the farm.

Gryllus' wealth sufficed to give his son advantages that set the boy a little way above the rank and file. With the family grade of knighthood, and an ancestral estate which if no more than a modest farm was enough to put him into a better class, Xenophon was fortunate in his station in life. He had seen heavy work done at home by slaves, but he had learned like an adaptable and capable soldier to do his own work, and to do it uncomplainingly, to toil at the hardest tasks, and to accept heavy labor as one of the inevitable lots of existence. With this disposition, at once cool and flexible, the handsome lad had come to Athens to receive his finishing in school, and to prepare himself to make his way in the world.

Nowhere on earth then could a boy have found better circumstances for his school days. Living expenses were cheap, Athens was the home of an unbroken classical tradition.

Claiming descent from Theseus, with the features of Pallas Athene stamped on their

coins, the citizens of this curious commonwealth yearly heard tragic poets declaim in unrivalled verse the glories, the battles, the fates of their common ancestors. To the young Xenophon sitting on the high stone benches of the theatre of Athens, and watching wide-eyed the comedies of Aristophanes, and the tragedies of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, it was all like a vast many-colored dream suddenly come true. Life unrolled before him, like a veil drawn away. He saw the heroes of Homer and of archaic Athens. He saw men's souls.

He tramped the streets at the spring festivals, and heard in the temples, or in temple-groves of myrtle and dark cypress, ballad singers rehearsing in surging hexametre the adventures of Odysseus, the courage and the ruin of Agamemnon, the deathless beauty of Helen.

In a city of superb architecture, enriched by the gains of a hundred years of fighting, still scarred from the Persian wars, with memories of Salamis, Thermopylæ, Platea and Mycale in the background, with a wealth of statues, votive tablets and inscriptions in white marble

to brighten the dark-green, cypress-fringed walks circling the hill of Ares, he saw ancient glory and modern promise unfold in pagan beauty before his eyes. In the splendor that was classic Athens, the glitter of her gold and ivory sculpture, her great fleets which rode the Ægean and ploughed westward to the straits of Gibraltar, he saw that intangible power of law that reaches beyond the boundaries of physical force. Xenophon was a living, breathing, vital unit in this wonderful organism. He too was a man of destiny. All the longings and wild ambitions of a boyhood nurtured on great ideals and boundless hopes came to the surface in this city incrusted by tradition.

And the boy studied matchless models in school. Homer and Hesiod had set a style in epic verse that three thousand years have not improved. Socrates while instructing Plato was bringing to its finest flowering that balanced system of philosophy which in Aristotle was to reach its last and greatest apex. Painting and sculpture had already scaled a height from which no subsequent artist had lifted them further. The names of Zeuxis and of Praxiteles

were on all tongues. Architecture was a thing of pride and beauty. Mathematics were everywhere taught, and a few decades later Euclid was to embody much mathematical knowledge in a geometry not appreciably altered to this very day. Grammar and rhetoric and public speaking had been zealously studied for a hundred years.

In this exceptional city, under the tutelage of a most exceptional instructor in practical philosophy, Xenophon pursued his intellectual career. He witnessed many curious incidents.

Some remarks were once exchanged in the class touching the incomparable sculptor Polycleitus and the equally unrivalled painter Zeuxis. One little student called Aristodemus boasted a sceptical turn of mind. He was perhaps the local shocking example. At all events, he offered no sacrifice to the gods.

"Which would you consider more admirable," Socrates demanded of Aristodemus, "one who made senseless images incapable of movement, or one who could make living creatures possessed of intelligence and activity?"

"Unquestionably," said Aristomedus, "the

latter; on the supposition, however, that said living creatures do owe their birth to his design, and are not the progeny of some chance."

Socrates decided to probe the latter item. "Well," if you had two objects," he went on, "and one offered no clew as to its use and purpose, and the other is self-evidently designed for a useful purpose, which would you think the result of chance, and which of design?"

Aristodemus thought the latter object the product of an organized intelligence.

Socrates then launched into a long discussion of the many human faculties, and their evident uses, winding up with, "I ask you, when you see all these faculties constructed with such a show of foresight, can you doubt whether they are the products of chance or of intelligence?"

Viewed in this light, Aristodemus admitted that they seemed the handiwork of some artificer.

"Well, then," the old speaker went on, "what shall we say about men's desire to beget offspring, about a mother's love for her baby, about a child's instinctive desire to live, and about his fear of death?"

"They look," said Aristodemus, "like the contrivance of some one who has deliberately planned the existence of living creatures."

Socrates speculated a while on the nature of the gods, and Aristodemus shrewdly commented "My eyes fail to see these master agents."

"Well, for that matter," Socrates retorted, "you don't see your own soul, and if you like you can argue that you do nothing intelligently, and everything by accident."

Aristodemus balked at this tangent, and countered that such a divinity as Socrates had in mind was too grand to need any reverence from so insignificant a being as himself. The oration that followed this bit of hollow self-depreciation made the hill of Ares ring. Socrates' arguments possessed a peculiar appeal to Xenophon, and he quoted them with evident approval. They became his practical gospel.

On another day the tough old soldier was challenged by a public instructor in rhetoric and sophistic, a smooth-tongued sort of sea-lawyer called Antiphon who remarked before the class, "I thought students of philosophy grew in happiness." He went on to draw attention in im-

pertinent fashion to the older man's worn gray clothes, and to the quiet if not shabby life he led.

The exponent of self-discipline answered: "The sharper your appetite, the less need for sauce, the keener your thirst, the less you crave uncommon drinks. And as for clothes, have you ever noticed that I keep more within doors than other men on account of the cold? Have you ever seen me battle with any one for shade on account of the heat? Even a weakling by nature may, by dint of exercise and practice, outdo a giant who neglects his body. You seem to suggest that happiness consists in luxury. I hold a different creed. To have no wants at all is to my mind an attribute of divinity."

When Antiphon remarked that no matter how upright Socrates might be, his knowledge was not worth a copper, for it led him to no great wealth, the reply was "Some find pleasure in horses or hounds or fighting cocks. But I take pleasure in good friends, and if I have any good thing myself I teach it to my friends. And we regard it as a great gain if we grow in friendship with one another." Which did not precisely

dispose of Antiphon's objection, but did show unequivocally where Socrates stood.

Consequently the impressionable Xenophon wrote: "This instructor was a person to be envied, and we his class were drawn to him by the fineness and nobility of his soul."

It would give an exceedingly wrong idea to imply that this hard-boiled veteran spent all his time on elegiac verse, or the evident beauties of an ethical soul. Xenophon heard him curry a young lieutenant of cavalry in a manner long to be remembered.

"Why," he asked, "did you yearn for a cavalry command? It was not to ride in front."

"True."

"Nor to be well known?"

"True."

"Perhaps then you plan to hand over your command to the state in better condition than when you received it?"

"Yes, certainly."

"I suppose," continued the veteran, "you aim to improve the cavalry."

"Most certainly."

"Noble ambition. How will you improve the horses?"

"That's hardly my business. Each trooper is personally responsible for the condition of his mount."

"Suppose you find beasts with bad feet, or ill-fed hacks that can't keep up on a march, or such unmanageable plungers that they can't be held in rank?"

The idea was apparently new to the youngster, who said: "Well, at that rate, I will try to look after the horses carefully."

"And why not turn your hand to improving the men?" the inquisitor went on.

It was an agreeable thought. The young fellow answered: "I can try to do that, too."

"And foster a keen spirit among the men."

"I can try that also."

By the time the officer had admitted incompetence and unpreparedness on a score of points, the preceptor added: "In any business whatever, men are more likely to follow the lead of those whom they consider experts. And in the matter of your troop, he who best knows his business will get the readiest obedience."

Before Socrates had finished his questions, the hearer may have been ready to murder the

merciless tongued examiner, but he had learned something of horses, and more about his own weakness. If it is true that to discover one's own weakness is a long step toward mending the deficiency, Socrates was forever giving his friends long steps. It is doubtful if any one under the sun was more adept at prying open men's conceits. But for all that, his class learned to love him with a curious and undying devotion.

So the years passed.

These days saw the closing campaigns of the Peloponnesian war, and Athens with steadily failing strength entered her final struggle with Sparta. Socrates and Xenophon witnessed the sailing of the great Athenian expedition to Syracuse, the grandest effort of military pride and power and splendor that classic Athens ever made. And like the other citizens, they thrilled with horror when the terrible news came home at last that "Fleet and army alike," as Thucydides wrote, "had been swept from the face of the earth. Nothing was saved, and of the thousands who went forth, but few ever returned. Thus ended the Sicilian Expedition."

Then came one dreadful defeat after an-

other, culminating in the Spartan Lysander's great naval victory at Goat River. And Athens was down at last. They witnessed the scene in the city when word arrived that their final hope was lost. "On that night," Xenophon wrote, "no man slept. There was mourning and sorrow for the slain, but lamentation for the dead was merged into terror even deeper for themselves, for they suspected the punishment they were about to suffer."

Athens was almost starving. Desperate citizens were still resolved to hold out, but human strength had reached its end. Hunger, disease, and death had sapped the city's power. Surrender followed inevitably, and the Spartans marched in, and assumed control.

While all this was going on, a situation had grown up on the Asian coast which shortly developed great importance for young Xenophon. The Spartans had realized, as Thucydides remarked in his History, that to carry on a good, thorough-going war one needs money, and since the money in their slender treasury grew very short after many years of the Peloponnesian War, they had begun to dicker with the Persian

governors, or satraps as their own people called them, who ruled on the Ionian shore.

There were several of these satraps, but the three who were most important at about this time were Pharnabazus, who was influential throughout the northwestern part of Asia Minor, and whose territories skirted the shores of the Black Sea, in the vicinity now dominated by Constantinople and its environs; Cyrus, who was the son of Darius, King of Persia, and who ruled in Ionia proper, that is to say directly across the Ægean Sea east of Greece; and Tissaphernes, who governed farther south in Asia Minor, and whose territories bordered upon what was then called Cilicia.

Most of these boundary lines were very loosely laid down, for in the unsettled localities distances were often estimated according to a day's march, and such variant calculations led to many inaccuracies. And as the Great King left his satraps a good deal of individual latitude, they often bickered among themselves over their respective territories and businesses, and sometimes fought with each other without attracting much notice from the capital.

Cyrus had been born after his father Darius came to the throne. Consequently according to an old Persian custom he was considered to outrank his brother Artaxerxes who though some thirty years older had been born while his father was still a subject.* But Darius, for some reason no one knows, thought differently about this point, and arranged matters so that Artaxerxes succeeded him.

Cyrus had had therefore to be content with the comparatively unimportant post of satrap in Ionia. Here he became keenly interested in the Athenian-Spartan struggle for the supremacy of Greece. Clever and inscrutable young diplomat that he was, he understood that Persia's best course was "To divide and rule." So he threw in Persian influence on the side of Sparta. Perhaps he acted under orders from the Great King, perhaps his plans were independently conceived and executed. But soldiers from Athens had stormed and burned Sardis prior to the battle at Marathon, and the Persians had little love for Athens. So, without directly com-

*Darius and Parysatis had had 13 children, of whom only 2, Cyrus and Artaxerxes, were alive at this time.

mitting himself or his Persian troops in the Peloponnesian War, Cyrus took sides with Sparta, supplied the Lacedæmonians with cash, and gave them the moral support of his approval, and the more practical help of letting them use his harbors for naval bases.

He invited Spartan officers to the little court that he held in Sardis, drank, hunted, and hobnobbed with them, treated them as his friends, and generally built up a very fine reputation for himself at Sparta where he was looked upon as an extremely open-handed young man who had more money than he knew what to do with. This last circumstance especially endeared him to the penurious Lacedæmonian government.

He became intimate with Lysander, the most daringly successful general among the latter-day Spartan leaders, and he gave Lysander most of the funds needed to carry out Sparta's ambitions among the Ægean islands. The direct consequence of all this was that many Spartan soldiers, who were either absent without leave from Sparta, or were possibly acting with the connivance of the Spartan ephors,* went over to

*The Ephors were 5 magistrates who outranked even the 2 Spartan kings, and who controlled all public policies.

Ionia, and enlisted with Cyrus. In addition, he collected a standing corps of vagabonds and adventurers from all the little Hellenic states, for there was hardly a one of these city-states that had not outlawed various of its citizens. And these men having no longer a home, and not knowing where to go, readily adopted military service with the generous Persian prince. And he helped Lysander to equip when the latter was getting ready for the great battle at Goat River.

All in all, the Spartans sank deeply in Cyrus' debt.

Thus, in time, the young satrap brought together a large mercenary army, officered, drilled, and managed, in the main by Spartans. And with this able tool at his disposal, he subdued some of the barbarian mountaineer tribes who lived inland back of the Ionian coast. His power expanded, and since he had boundless money from the royal treasury, and Sparta had man-power to spare, the combination flourished. Cyrus and Sparta were the best of friends.*

*Cyrus also was popular among the Persians, for he had the old nomadic Persian virtues. He liked to ride, hunt, and fight, was expert with arms, and could drink an enormous amount of wine without being intoxicated. He liked gardening and planting trees, and many parks owed their existence to this interest.

Like a master diplomatist, Cyrus kept most of his plans well to himself. The Lacedæmonians who helped him out had ambitions of their own on the mainland, but they likewise said nothing for the time being.

With the fall of Athens, all hope of military, commercial, or political advancement in the city dissappeared, and after Peace had been made the more active and energetic young men, and Xenophon among them, began to look elsewhere for prospects.

THE MARCH TO CUNAXA

IN the winter of 402–401 B. C. his friend Proxenus wrote to Xenophon. Proxenus was a Bœotian soldier of fortune, and a handsome well-educated fellow who had once been the pupil of the celebrated Gorgias of Leontini. He then, accidentally, met Xenophon in Athens, became well acquainted with him, and for a time had been his guest there. Now he remembered the boy gratefully.

Being a professional soldier, Proxenus was less facile with the pen than with the sword, but he had in mind a very serious subject. His message carried an urgent invitation to the scholar to join him at Sardis, where he was then in service with Cyrus. He offered to introduce the student to Cyrus himself, and suggested finding a place on the Persian general's staff, if the youngster liked the life. Proxenus believed frankly that this would be a matter of great practical advantage to Xenophon. He spoke the truth as he saw it.

When he read this letter, Xenophon was greatly perturbed. Like many another young

man, he was finding the choice of a career an extremely difficult matter. An Asian campaign might solve the problem, and at any rate it offered valuable experience, and it might lead to wealth and position in the Persian service. Many of the Spartans were profiting hugely from their connection with Cyrus.

He went to Socrates, put the case before him, and asked for advice. When Proxenus' invitation had been discussed, Socrates felt worried, for his first suspicion was that the Athenians would take it very ill, should Xenophon enlist with the Persian. The citizens of the beaten little city-state had not forgotten, and could not forget, the disastrous whipping Sparta had given them. And Persian gold had supplied Lysander with much of his motive power, and had consistently strengthened his hand.

In addition to this, the Spartans actually had a fleet on the Ionian coast expressly to aid Cyrus in whatever undertaking he embarked upon. And this had not been done entirely out of altruism, but because Cyrus had bluntly asked for their assistance. Every one knew this, so Socrates felt that to sign up with the prince would

be to identify one's self with Sparta too, and he thought such a move might be disastrous to Xenophon.

The harm of course would be purely political, for the citizens of Athens had little power to hurt a Cyrean, especially at a distance—but after all, Xenophon's father Gryllus was a voter in Ercheia, and the home farm was only twelve miles from the city proper. In the trial and butchery of the generals who won the battle at Arginusæ, Socrates had seen good evidence of what the Athenian mob could do when aroused.

Therefore, he and Xenophon long debated the matter, for they judged that the move in question would probably end in either a very great absence from home, or some political trouble with the tyrants then in control. But Socrates, like Xenophon, was profoundly religious, and in this dilemma he hit upon a device which seemed to him to settle the question.

The oracle of Apollo at Delphi could usually be relied upon for a response, and with his practical mind, as homely as his homely visage, Socrates suggested that this religious boy apply to the gods for guidance.

A few days later Xenophon went over to Delphi to get Apollo's help. Socrates' idea had been for Xenophon to ask whether or not he should make the trip and enlist with the Persian. But on the way, Xenophon experienced a change of decision, and instead of inquiring from the oracle whether or not to accept Proxenus' invitation, he merely asked how he might make the most successful journey.

He came home with his mind made up to enlist. Socrates blamed him for not asking the question first mentioned. "However," he said, "since you inquired as you did, it is necessary now to do the god's will."

They parted in good spirits. Xenophon was never to see his old teacher again.

Having packed his few belongings, he got passage on a boat crossing the Ægean to Ionia. He landed on the Asian coast at the busy seaport of Ephesus. Trading ships bumped up roughly against its gray stone quays, and bales and bundles and chests of goods were dumped out on its dirty wharves. On these docks the young adventurer saw strange races and nations. Swarthy Arabs in green or black turbans, hook-nosed,

jet-eyed Syrians with frizzled hair, wearing long white robes and gold collars, black Egyptians from Alexandria, and hardy Phenicians who sailed to every port of the then known world, and who were hauling silver ore from Spain, and tin from the mines of Cornwall and Wales.

Xenophon travelled up country to Sardis, a march of less than fifty miles. Here he found Proxenus, the sturdy sunburned Bœotian veteran who was exceedingly glad to see his friend. At Sardis history had been made. Surrounded by fertile and green meadows, where the cranes of Homer flocked, the ancient city stood up, a rock-walled, massive Gibraltar with huge and battered turrets against the sky.

Two-hundred and eighty years earlier, Sardis had been stormed by barbarous Cimmerians, pallid-skinned, merciless savages who had poured down in endless hordes like ferocious wolves from the north. Greek gossip said that they came from the neighborhood of the Arctic Circle, and very ancient legends had it that they lived on the other side of the North Wind. Under King Crœsus Sardis had rallied and become

a wealthy and famous city, Crœsus who owned so much gold that he was compared to Midas the man with the gold-making touch. But after the great battle on the Halys river, Crœsus and all Lydia had passed permanently under Persian rule.

The well-read Xenophon felt that he was riding over famous ground, and seeing noted scenes from early history. That alert and receptive mind was nervously alive amid such surroundings.

For the past hundred years, he knew, Sardis had been the Persian general headquarters in the west. There all military depots were collected. From this point, Darius and Xerxes had launched their expeditions. The battles at Marathon, Salamis, Platea and Mycale, battles famous in the history of the struggle for human liberty, had been fought by soldiers from Sardis. Here the three Ionian wars had been planned, here Persian soldiers had made their last stand against retaliatory raids from Athens.

In the spring of 401 B. C. Xenophon found the war-worn old city agog with excitement. The young Cyrus had nearly one hundred thou-

sand native soldiers enlisted and encamped in the meadowy fields south of the town. Endless brown rows of tents studded the green plain, and thousands of horses and mules were roped to the picket lines, or grazing in herds under the care of leisurely native orderlies. Many tents were leather, but canvas was already widely in use.*

Cyrus was busily enlisting Hellenic troops. This bold young adventurer had a great stake in sight. Darius Nothus, the Persian king, descendant of the first Cyrus, had died in 404 B. C., and now his two sons, Artaxerxes then on the throne, and Cyrus the Younger who commanded in Sardis, were at daggers drawn. Though the real object of Cyrus' schemes was not disclosed till later, his plans were known among his intimates.

From Xenophon's own description, the young Cyrus was a typical Persian prince, as romantic as any in Firdusi or Omar Khayyam, and probably as cruel. He was then only a boy, a slender,

*Some hundreds of years later canvas had grown to the dimensions of a steady industry. It will be remembered that Saint Paul was once in the tent-making business supplying tarpaulins and tenting to the Roman armies.

dark-skinned, fiery youngster who felt himself bitterly wronged by his elder brother.* The silk tunic and gold bracelets of the orientals were judged effeminate by the Spartans, but when the time came Cyrus showed that he could fight.

Xenophon wrote that his body was seamed and slashed by a grotesque zig-zag of scars, the work of a she-bear. For Cyrus was as reckless a hunter as a fighter. In this particular encounter, he went to close quarters, and was dragged from his horse, and savagely bitten and clawed. The huge scars which he showed Xenophon, too deep to be effaced by time, disfigured his body till death. But the desperate hunter had continued the struggle till the beast was killed.

Xenophon thought he could serve with some satisfaction under a leader so daring. Proxenus took Xenophon personally to Cyrus, presented him, spoke for him, and urged him to make service with Cyrus his career. And Cyrus, with exceptional grace and charm, added his own

*On the strength of an accusation by Tissaphernes, King Artaxerxes had arrested Cyrus some 3 years earlier and planned to execute him. The Queen Mother had saved his life, but in his rage and humiliation Cyrus planned the overthrow of the Persian government.

requests to those of Proxenus. Xenophon was permanently won over. They were all young fellows together, Proxenus not quite thirty, Xenophon a little older, and Cyrus just about of age. They saw life as a great and sunny adventure.

Cyrus' government was fair, and his administration of justice in the province of Ionia which his father had originally sent him out to rule in 408 B. C. was good. His punishments of thieves, cutting off their hands and putting out their eyes, though shocking to occidental minds, were ordinary specimens of oriental methods. Xenophon saw nothing astonishing in such tactics. But it was an age of blood.

Proxenus accordingly enlisted Xenophon as a staff assistant, and put him in a permanent place with his own officers. This position brought its advantages, for it relieved the young man of much work and responsibility, and opened extraordinary opportunities to study all that occurred. A vast deal of work had to be done. Enlisting, drilling, and equipping an army of nearly one hundred and ten thousand men furnished enormous employment for even such vet-

eran fighters as Proxenus, who commanded a Bœotian division, and the Spartan general Clearchus whom Cyrus had appointed commander-in-chief of the mercenaries.*

But Xenophon had plenty of small jobs from day to day.

All this activity at Sardis drew unwelcome and undesired attention. The only other Persian noble of importance on the low seacoast was the satrap Tissaphernes who ruled farther south in Caria, and who had already quarrelled with Cyrus at the Persian court. Cyrus had given out that he meant to make war upon Tissaphernes, and in fact he had a small blockading army and fleet harassing Tissaphernes' city Miletus; while further preparations were said to be against a savage tribe of mountaineers called the Pisidians. But on detecting the enormous enlistments in Sardis, Tissaphernes correctly suspected that Cyrus was planning open and organized rebellion against his brother the Great King.

Tissaphernes would have made a first rate

*Clearchus had made the acquaintance of Cyrus several years earlier during the Peloponnesian War.

nineteenth century diplomat of a certain type. He was clever, unscrupulous, and merciless, and one of the best cavalry officers in the Persian service. As soon as he was satisfied that Cyrus was planning rebellion, Tissaphernes left his government in Caria, and with five hundred horse rode inland to Susa to warn the king. Artaxerxes accordingly began to prepare.

On the ninth of March in 401 B. C. Cyrus marched his army southeast from Sardis. He had a huge and unwieldy column, but mobile enough to get over rough ground at considerable speed. It was the age-old story of a young army starting out, hopeful and vigorous, sure of victory, and thinking nothing at all about costs or consequences. Soldiers, off to the wars. Few, very few, of the bronze-armored thousands who tramped out of Sardis, buoyant and cheerful, that bright spring morning, twenty-three centuries ago, to begin the fatal march to Cunaxa, had the slightest suspicion of the destiny and death that lay in wait for them. Soldiers never change, from one century to another.

The ground is hilly and rough, and the column wound along rocky ridges and across stony

valleys in slow and dogged fashion. Xenophon and the staff-officers rode, but most of the force tramped on foot, chiefly occupied in getting over the ground, and protecting eyes and nostrils from the fine stinging dust churned up by so many pounding hoofs.

Three days of this, under a blazing sun, with aching feet and sweat dripping into their eyes, and they reached the river Meander, a curling stream sixty yards in width. Here engineers constructed a pontoon bridge, joining seven large boats, and on this improvised causeway the army jolted across, and on to the town of Colossæ.*

Here Menon the Thessalian joined them with a column of recruits from Olynthia, Dolopia, and Ainia. But the hardest fighters in Cyrus' Hellenic mercenary division were Spartan. After the first sharp road test, they rested briefly to tighten their packs, and to put their property into better shape.

On the seventeenth of March, Cyrus broke camp and got his column into motion again.

*Still an important city when Saint Paul wrote his Epistle to the Colossians. To-day it is destroyed.

They hiked on down the coast toward Celenæ, a city that promised forage and provisions for the whole army. They reached Celenæ on the twentieth, and spent thirty days in getting arms and equipment furbished, in recuperating from their first hard-stage marches, and in laying plans for the further journey. Here Cyrus had a palace and a great park or game preserve. In company with friends and officers of the staff, he put in his time in hunting and exercising his horses. Before they left Celenæ, the prince reviewed his Hellenic troops whom new arrivals had increased to eleven thousand two hundred men. The soldiers were paraded in full armor, and their showing pleased Cyrus.

On the nineteenth of April the expedition left Celenæ, and almost immediately experienced a new and embarrassing difficulty. Arriving at the plain of Cayster in Cilicia, where Cyrus held a review to please Epyaxa the queen of the Cilicians, his mercenaries demanded their pay. Cyrus had insufficient funds, and had not the queen come to his rescue with the cash, the balky Spartans would have brought the march to a halt.

But from this time the journey assumed a steadier and more orderly aspect. First stages had sufficiently proved the marching speed and endurance of the Hellenic soldiers, and the natives were fully at home in the country through which they passed. These native troops were commanded by one Ariæus, and cut a very small figure in most of the Cyrean affairs.

One insignificant town and stream after another were left behind as they skirted the sea-coast southeastward, and on the third of June the column arrived at a pass between sea-washed mountains called the Cilician Gates. This route let them down into Syria and the ancient city of Tarsus. The way was barred by a native garrison under orders of Syennesis, king of Cilicia.

The road proved rocky and rough, and granite crags overhung it so closely that baggage wagons could not well get up. The garrison was numerous, and looked obstinate. And if the camp gossip about the love of Epyaxa and Cyrus at Cayster, which Xenophon humorously recorded in his diary, possessed any truth, Cyrus had little to expect from Syennesis.

Cyrus therefore pitched camp, and presently

it grew dark, and the stars came out. He experienced perplexity, though his Spartan officers felt almost equally at a loss. Curiously enough, the astute Cyrus placed little reliance on his native soldiers. In a dilemma, he turned instinctively to the Spartans.

High rocky cliffs confronted the meadows in which the army had halted, and after a brief council of war, the decision arrived at was to storm these hills on the following day, at whatever cost. The passageway proved exceedingly narrow, and at some points overhung the sea itself, for the mountains shelved right down into the deep water.

But the problem solved itself. During the night, the native guard abandoned the crest, and at daybreak the invading troops were enabled to resume their march. Reaching the heights, the Greeks discovered the cause of the retirement. The Thessalian officer, Menon, who was marching on a different route to form a junction with Cyrus in Syria, had gotten some of his skirmishers over the mountain at a point farther inland, and had outflanked the guard in the passway.

At all events, Cyrus saw and heard but little more of Syennesis.* The first real reminder that they were engaged in a war came on the march down to Tarsus. Two companies of Menon's brigade turned aside from Menon's line of march to plunder in the adjacent territory. These companies consisted of one hundred men all told, very small forces like the old-style national guard companies of fifty men apiece. Losing their way, as it was conjectured, they never rejoined their regiment, and were later found massacred by the natives.

The march into Syria was completed on the second of July, and from this time the serious nature of the war loomed closer. They saw no Persian troops, but to the experienced scouts it was clear that an army was in front of them. One Abrocomas, an able Persian cavalry general, was already operating to check their advance. Royal forces were drawing back before the invading host, but the ground over which the retreating enemy had passed was desolate, and provisions were no longer as plentiful as in Ionia.

*The King professed friendship and gave Cyrus a few presents.

After penetrating the Cilician Gates, a first mutiny occurred when the mercenaries, suspecting that they were being led against an inland power, hesitated about going on. They had long since passed the last frontiers of Pisidia, they saw no sign of the dark-eyed, stout Tissaphernes, with his scimitar and his jewelled purple robes, and Cyrus' object seemed quite vague.

An orderly brought word one day to headquarters that the men were out of hand. Habitually a disciplinarian, the gray and grim-visaged Clearchus determined on force. He put on his helmet and armor, and went clanking with all the panoply of battle to the Spartans' quarters to find his well-ordered men now milling around in a crowd like cattle. They shouted, argued, gesticulated, and cursed.

Fiercely Clearchus ordered the recalcitrants to form ranks. The mob set up a maniacal yell. First one stone flew, then another, and in an instant the astonished leader found himself the target of an organized attack. He covered his face with his shield and ran, so that although he got a severe pelting, he escaped being beaten to death.

Such ferocious spirit changed Clearchus' views.

He peaceably called an assembly. When the mutineers fell in, frowning, threatening, and sulky, Clearchus stood in front of them, and wept. The attentive Xenophon watching the scene wrote, "Looking at this they were struck with wonder, and remained silent. Clearchus then addressed them in this wise: 'You need not be surprised because I am distressed. For Cyrus has honored me with many marks of esteem, and among other things he gave me ten thousand darics, which I neither squandered nor hoarded up for myself, but spent on you.

'Now you are unwilling to accompany him, and I am thus under obligation either to desert you and keep friendship with Cyrus, or to adhere to you and to be false to him. Whether or not I am doing right, I don't know, but I give you the preference. No one shall say that I led Greeks among barbarians, and then deserted the Greeks to adopt in preference the friendship of the natives.' "

He continued for some time in this vein, and various soldiers applauded. Presently he called

for opinions from the crowd, and several speakers whom he had craftily instructed beforehand rose with such contradictory suggestions that the mercenaries could make no more intelligent headway than the average modern congress.

Cyrus had sent for Clearchus, and the Spartan refused to attend. Hearing this, the soldiers felt more than ever that Clearchus was on their side. Privately the general sent a runner to Cyrus to say that if let alone he would bring everything out all right. Being perplexed, the soldiers therefore finally followed Clearchus' hint, and voted to send an orderly to Cyrus to ask just what he wanted of them.

Cyrus received the messenger formally, and announced that he had it in mind to project a campaign against Abrocomas who was then on the Euphrates distant twelve days march. Whatever suspicions the Spartans may have felt, they finally compromised by demanding more pay. This promised, they went along peaceably. The arrival of a small fleet from Egypt the same day further steadied the men.

After getting into Syria, the column started

the next day for Myriandrus, where they arrived on the tenth of July. By this time general uneasiness again prevailed, and the mercenaries wondered where they were going, and on what errand. That night, seizing vessels from the transport fleet, two petty officers, Xenias and Pasion, deserted.

When news of this was noised around on the following morning, a good deal of excitement arose among the Hellenic forces. They had real grounds for worry. Cyrus was a man of high temper, and Xenias and Pasion had left friends and relatives in camp, and the questions of service and pay were not entirely settled to every one's satisfaction. So there was plenty of opportunity for trouble.

But Cyrus called an assembly, and stood before the Greek army. After branding the two as cowards and deserters, he announced a policy of toleration, and promised not to pursue them or to harm their families who had been left behind. This quieted the apprehensions of the soldiery, and probably Cyrus was glad of an opportunity to sidestep the pay problem.

The crisis was passed.

Clearchus and the prince then decided, and rightly, that they would better hurry the trip before any more slacking occurred, and from the tenth of July the expedition progressed at a more rapid rate. In addition, they directed their line of march straight inland to preclude any further chance of escape by sea.

On the twenty-seventh they entered Thapsacus, on the Euphrates. This was the decisive day on the Cyrean calendar, for on his arrival at the great river, Cyrus announced to the entire army his plan to attack his brother Artaxerxes, and to overthrow the government of the Persian kingdom.

His statement caused a near riot.

Angry soldiers gathered around the tents of the officers and demanded that they be led back to the sea. They had not enlisted for such service, and alarm seized them when they saw it imminent. Perceiving this turmoil, Cyrus was somewhat at a loss how to proceed. Menon the Thessalian, a lean and hard-bit adventurer, adroitly came to his rescue. In Menon's character avarice and the sense of personal gain outweighed every other consideration. Confronted

by serious danger, this gaunt and sharp-eyed veteran saw an opportunity for money-making. He called a roll of his men, and standing in front of the regiment, addressed them.

"Soldiers, if you will let me guide you, you can strengthen yourselves with Cyrus beyond all the rest of the army, and that without any labor or risk to yourselves. It is clear now that Cyrus is marching against the Great King. I suggest, therefore, that you cross the Euphrates immediately, and above all before it is evident what the rest of the mercenaries will do. If they vote to follow him, your action will look all the better, because you did it voluntarily, and you will be the more worthy of reward, and Cyrus will certainly repay you. What is more, he will trust you beyond the others, considering you more zealous and more faithful to his interests.

"And I know that Cyrus takes good care of his friends!"

More of the same sort followed, but this was enough. Cupidity prevailed. As soon as they were dismissed, the Thessalians fell out of ranks, and rolled their packs in a hurry. Before

any of the other regiments had done a thing, Menon's contingent was hot at the crossing.

The staff at general headquarters was astounded, and Cyrus despatched an orderly to Menon to thank the Thessalian regiment publicly for their action. It had a far-reaching effect. But Cyrus as usual did not stop with thanks. He added, with the customary oriental flourish, that they never need call him Cyrus again if he did not reward them handsomely for their deed. The fact that his message was given, sent, and delivered in the sight and hearing of the other troops made his action more impressive. The Thessalians were worked up into high hopes when they heard this. Privately, Cyrus sent some splendid gifts to Menon.

The Euphrates flows through a vast level plain with low shelving banks, and the idle current offers no serious difficulties. Menon's regiment made a picturesque scene in their dark bronze armor, and red tunics, and nodding high crests, as they forced their way in a foam-splashed column through the lazy blue eddies while yellow vast plains lay in the background on either bank. The Syrian sun glittered on

their burnished arms, the sky was hot and cloudless, and the rest of the noisy multitude stood suddenly agape.

The whole regiment got across easily, for the ford was shallow with a hard sandy footing, and the water unusually low for that season. It proved scarcely breast deep, and Menon's regiment was out and on the other bank in short order. At the ford through which they crossed, the width of the water was over seven hundred yards, but as is so often the case with streams in sandy and flat countries, its vast breadth was no criterion of its depth.

This decisive step decided the rest of the hesitant soldiers. Other regiments got under way, and crossed in good manner. Before he had come to Thapsacus, an ancient city of sun-dried brick, the prince had had some hopes of finding boats, but the wily Abrocomas had collected and burned all the rafts and boats that could have been utilized. The lowness of the stream rendered such precautions useless.

Swinging down southeast and away from Thapsacus on the twenty-seventh, the column marched on the left or east bank of the Eu-

phrates, through the desert region of northern Arabia toward the junction of the Euphrates with the Araxes now called the Chabrias. This country astonished the impressionable young Xenophon. On all sides, he explained, the soldiers saw a level land, sandy wastes perfumed by aromatic shrubs, and full of absinthe. The air is high and thin, the heat of the sun dazzling by day, but quickly fading at night. Ostriches dashed across the plain, and astounded the westerners who had never seen such creatures before. Spreading their wings like sails, and taking enormous strides, these birds readily outdistanced the fleetest horses in Cyrus' army. Nobody, Xenophon wrote regretfully, could catch an ostrich. He would have liked to see one close.

Under an unclouded blue, and a sun that burned like a shield of molten copper, the sunbrowned column tramped across an ochre plain of endless sand toward a horizon that seemed forever to recede, and over them the sky lay like a sapphire dome that touched the earth equally at all sides, for the great plain of northern Arabia, Xenophon noted, is as level as the sea.

All kinds of game passed in droves; gazelles, wild asses, and antelopes were numerous, and great flights of bustards fluttered away. Cavalrymen amused themselves by pursuing the antelopes, for the four-footed animals could be overtaken and killed, though most of them had to be run down in relays. Xenophon found the flesh of this desert game like Attic venison but sweeter. As for the bustards they flew but a short distance till they were tired, and a horseman riding in pursuit could readily capture them. They furnished the ever hungry files a full meal. Xenophon compared them to the western partridges.

But in a day or two a difficulty appeared which threatened the safety and success of the whole expedition. Abrocomas had done his work with thoroughness, and Cyrus began to find provisions scarce. Persian cavalry had ravaged the country till nothing was available. To add to the difficulty, the forbidding nature of the terrain grew hourly worse. The sun was blistering, and the sterile earth produced no grass or shrub which the starving horses could chew.* Grain prices soared, and the peasants

*Many of the horses died of hunger.

who journeyed down the Euphrates to Babylon in their hide coracles to sell produce, charged a price equivalent nowadays to about fourteen dollars a bushel for grain or meal.* With food prices climbing in this fashion, the soldiery took to hunting in dead earnest, and like modern soldiers lived chiefly on meat.

In spite of their hardships, stern discipline was maintained. Cyrus set his men the example. A day after this, when one of the baggage wagons stuck in fording a muddy little gully near the river, and the drivers were loathe to get out in the slime and push, Cyrus sprang from his own horse, and putting his shoulder to the hind wheel, helped to lift. At this sight, his staff came to the rescue with a rush, and got the wagon clear again. To the western soldiers, this instance proved impressive.

But the Persian officers, thin-featured and black-eyed men, quiet, reserved fellows, slender and brown, were objects of much curiosity to Xenophon. They made a smart array, riding bay Arab horses with black leather housings

*Wheat was selling in Athens at the same date for about twenty-five cents a bushel.

and equipment, wearing purple silk uniforms with gold rings and helmets and jewel-studded sabres. Xenophon thought it quite remarkable that men with such panoply should get down in the mud, and work.

Sound reasons now impelled Cyrus to hasten the march, and to permit nothing to delay it. Artaxerxes was preparing fast, Abrocomas had devastated the country, good food could be found only with difficulty, and was outrageous in price when procurable. The entire column was well hardened, and they would never be any more fit to fight than they were then. As the weather remained favorable, and footing was good, and the river at their right supplied water, it was to their interest to get over the ground quickly, and to reach Babylon. At the little town of Charmande they found a market more plentifully supplied, and the scarcity was temporarily overcome.

By this time they were only a hundred miles from Babylon, and if the Great King did not fight soon he would have to abandon his capital. When they camped at the same place that afternoon, another near-mutiny occurred. A

Thessalian soldier from Menon's regiment came to blows with a Spartan of Clearchus' organization. Clearchus, arriving upon the scene, so far forgot himself as to strike the Thessalian. The man promptly reported his grievance in his own company street. It caused an instant tumult.

Clearchus quit his regimental quarters, and rode down to the river where his men were watering their horses, but on his way back he passed through Menon's outfit. One of Menon's men who was chopping wood for his company kitchen, hurled the axe at Clearchus, and narrowly missed him. The Spartan fled, but reaching his own regiment in a great rage, he ordered assembly sounded, and fell in his men at once. Cyrus knew nothing of this quarrel, for he was riding on ahead.

For the moment, Proxenus undertook to act as peacemaker, and at the same time despatched an orderly to recall Cyrus. The prince arrived upon the scene as Clearchus with a squadron of Thracian cavalry was riding up to Menon's quarters. Cyrus took his javelins in hand, and galloped between the combatants. He spoke

perhaps in anger, but using nevertheless a good deal of the dissimulation he had always been forced to employ in dealing with his unruly mercenaries.

"Clearchus, and Proxenus, and the rest of you, listen to me! If you begin fighting with each other, keep this in mind. On the same day that you strike each other, you are killing me, too. Or at any rate, not long afterward. For it must have a most evil effect, if these natives see us more inclined to fight each other than to take action against the king."

At that, Clearchus stopped, and reconsidered. Cyrus' subtile inclusion of himself with the mercenaries, and his ready identification of his personal interests with theirs, had also an effect. In fact, Cyrus seldom identified himself with the native Persians. In all his dealings on this expedition, he spoke as would the Hellenic soldiers, and made them feel that he was one with them. With the first burst of temper subsided, Cyrus made it easier to calm the outbreak, and there the affair ended.

When scouts filed east in the morning, they found traces of the native enemy. They re-

ported back that some two thousand horse had passed in front of the invading column, a strong enough force to give Cyrus thought. Whether or not these were Abrocomas' men was not clear, but presumably they were. They had burned the grass and brush in thorough fashion, and the plain eastward was as barren as the sandy wastes along the Euphrates.

This incident was productive of alarming and unexpected results. In Cyrus' staff rode a cavalry officer called Orontes, one of the older Persian nobles, and a man who up to date had served with rather tarnished record. When the scouts reported in, Orontes addressed Cyrus, and suggested that about a thousand cavalry be detached in advance to deal with these marauders. He supplemented his idea by asking for the command, and promising either to drive off the raiders, or to prevent their burning the country so badly. It was evidence of the trust the prince reposed in him, that the suggestions awakened no suspicion either in Cyrus' mind or in the minds of other officers who heard the plan advanced. Cyrus asked Orontes to arrange to draw the necessary men equally from

each of the squadrons available, so as not to impair too badly the fighting power of any particular unit, and apparently thought no more of it.

But Orontes wrote a letter to the king Artaxerxes with whom it now appeared that he had been in correspondence for some time, and detailed his schemes for destroying the men intrusted to his care. He gave this missive to a batman whom he evidently considered faithful to his own interests. But Orontes' striker, for a reason never disclosed, went directly to Cyrus with the letter.

Cyrus was thunderstruck. His first thought was to arrest Orontes. He hurried an orderly to summon to his quarters seven of the rebel nobles in whom he felt that he could still repose confidence. But to make certain that the situation was safe, he sent another orderly to Clearchus with a request that the Spartan officers should unobtrusively assemble three thousand of their heavily armed infantry, and surround Cyrus' tent.

This was effected at once. The Spartans were paraded without excitement. They buck-

led on their armor swiftly, took their arms, and marched out of quarters without bugle calls. With no pretense of massive formation, but in prompt fashion, they went to Cyrus' headquarters, and filed around till the place was enclosed in a mobile bristling column of pikes. Possibly this precaution had its effect upon the scene that followed.

Cyrus then despatched a third orderly to the Hellenic staff, and singling out Clearchus as the most representative, the most inflexible, and probably the most cunning of all, asked him to attend the council which was to follow. Clearchus accepted, quitted his post with the infantry, and went armed into Cyrus' tent.

Cyrus said to the assembled group, "Gentlemen, I have called you so that we might take council together, and decide what will be justice for this Orontes."

With curt impressiveness, he detailed Orontes' past history in service, and addressing the prisoner, said briefly, "Orontes, what wrong have I done you?"

The prisoner answered coolly, "None."

Cyrus pursued his examination. "You will

agree that when you were not ill-treated you deserted me, and plundered some of my territories."

This was an outgrowth of some of the old quarrelling between Cyrus and Tissaphernes. Orontes admitted the truth of it.

"And, finally," said the interrogator, "when starting out on this present expedition, did you not come to the altar of Artemis, and pledge faith to me?"

Orontes agreed to this as well, probably because he could think of nothing to say.

"Well, then, what harm has been done to you, that I find you now for the third time playing traitor?"

The prisoner again expressed denial.

Cyrus said, "You admit then that you are a traitor."

Orontes said, "It is fate."

Cyrus concluded his résumé of the situation, and bluntly asked Clearchus what should be done. With equal laconism, Clearchus answered that Orontes should be put out of the way as swiftly as possible.

A vote was taken, and the others agreed.

Without the tent, they could hear the clash of arms, as successive companies of the heavy armed infantry came up, and the deep tread of marching columns. The seven Persian officers, and Clearchus, went then with the prisoner into the tent of Artapates, one of the staff, and Orontes was never seen again.

A report got around among the Hellenic soldiers that the prisoner had been strangled and buried in the tent, the earth being smoothed over in a manner to make the location of the grave undiscoverable. Be that as it may, Clearchus came out after a time, and dismissed the guard. No tomb was raised for the traitor, and the story of his disappearance had more effect, perhaps, upon the line soldiers than an open execution would have had, because of the air of mystery that always surrounded it.

Clearchus was willing enough to discuss the trial, but he kept silence on the matter of execution.

Immediately after, the Hellenic troops were paraded, and the expedition started again. Three nights later, at about midnight, Cyrus called out the entire force as if for review, but

gossip had it that at dawn he expected to meet the Great King.

At a little after midnight, he collected the officers of the Hellenic staff, and spoke briefly to them. It was a strong picture, a vast sandy desert, the marching columns tramping by in the gloom, with the clink and clatter of arms and the harsh breathing of hurrying men, Cyrus and his officers sitting on their horses in a little ring, and talking over in low tones the approaching battle. Starlight was bright, and the coarse sand rasped under the feet of the helmeted, heavy-armed infantry. Baggage wagons rumbled, and straining horses panted and snorted.

Cyrus said, "I am leading you men against barbarians, and I know that you are better than many of them. Show me that you are worthy of the freedom upon which I congratulate you. As for our enemy they will come on in a great bulk, and with an uproar and a shouting, but I am ashamed to have you know what sort of men those of my country are."

He continued for some time in this tone, giving the officers to understand that the king's men were hardly to be taken seriously, a view

which the mercenaries may well have doubted. As for Xenophon, he kept his opinions to himself.

Some conversation followed, and Gaulites, a Samian exile, spoke. The hardy frankness with which he broached what was uppermost in his mind is expressive. "Some of my men, Cyrus, are saying that just now you promise a good deal, because we are going into battle. But they think that if we conquer, you will hardly remember your promises, and if you did, there will not be the wherewith to fulfill them."

This sally may well have provoked a laugh, but Cyrus took it soberly, and answered in a vein of oriental extravagance: "My paternal kingdom, gentlemen, extends to the south to a point at which one cannot live for the heat, and to the north to where one is choked in the snow. All the territories in the middle belong to my brother's friends. If we conquer, I will make you, my friends, the masters of all of them.

"But, know well, that if I do not give, it is because I do not have. As for you men, I will give each of you a gold crown."

The staff officers regarded this answer with

some scepticism, but professed to be satisfied, and conversation turned speedily to the more pressing matter of fighting. A good deal of rapid questioning followed, for some of the Hellenic soldiers had never previously fought against the Persians, and they asked a number of last minute questions about forces and dispositions. Cyrus replied to the best of his ability, and the gray lances of dawn were stabbing up in the east with pale light, when his council prepared to disband.

In a last moment attempt to get around the battle, Clearchus asked, "Do you think, Cyrus, that your brother will really fight?"

"Yes, by God, if he is the son of Darius and Parysatis, he will fight," was the emphatic answer.

Clearchus was silenced. However the crafty and far-sighted Lacedæmonian urged Cyrus to take no part in the action, but to watch it from a distance, an advice unacceptable to the high-spirited prince.

Keeping their armor on, and their arms at ready, the Hellenic forces deployed into broad columns, and went through a brief parade.

They mustered ten thousand four hundred heavy-armed infantry in good condition and fully equipped, and twenty-five hundred light troops. Cyrus' own native force had been estimated at a hundred thousand at Sardis, and was accompanied by twenty scythe-bearing chariots which the natives considered an effective arm of war, but which the veteran Spartans despised. The event proved that the Laconians were right.*

At this point, scouts brought in some deserters who revealed the numbers of the Great King's forces, but their accounts were confused, and seemed untrustworthy. Cyrus' staff officers expressed an opinion that these men had been sent over purposely to create alarm among the invaders by magnifying the royal forces, since they gave the incredible number of a million men.

*Long scythe blades projected from the axles, and the Persians hoped by driving such vehicles through the Spartan ranks either to cut them down, hacking and gashing the men's legs, or to force them to break formation in disorderly manner to escape. The Spartans, who had quit using chariots as an arm of battle hundreds of years before, easily solved the problem by opening up files in their ranks to let the chariots go through, and stabbing the horses and drivers from side and rear as they went by.

The exact strength actively involved in the battle at Cunaxa cannot be accurately ascertained. Spartan officers kept rigid account of their own soldiers, but Xenophon had no way of counting native troops, and had to take the hearsay guesses of native leaders for his data.

Cyrus had a hundred thousand in the native contingents when he left Sardis, but many of these were necessarily non-combatants, and in the long march his losses from death, desertion, and absence without leave were severe. He had scarcely fifty thousand native soldiers actively engaged. The King's army was numerically just slightly greater.

At all events, the arrival of the deserters with their terrifying stories produced no effect upon the battle plans of the hardy Clearchus. As chief of staff, he drew up the scheme of the fight that followed, and throughout the whole affair, acted as the guiding genius.

At sun-up the advance had been resumed, and presently the skirmishers came to a great dry ditch behind which, presumably, the King had planned to make a stand. But no enemies were visible. The sun got high, and the going

became difficult. But the trench was crossed without delay, and progress continued. They were marching with their faces to the east, and the sunlight beat down mercilessly on the heavy bronze armor and its leather base. The advance now became very slow, and the privates being all in mail there was no possibility of haste.

Cyrus was in high spirits. He called up Silanus, an Ambracian priest, and gave him a present of three thousand gold darics.* Previously this sorcerer had predicted that the King would not fight within the next ten days, and the time of his prophecy had just run out. When the forecast had been made, Cyrus had been astonished, because he had then felt certain that Artaxerxes would give battle, but he had promised the chaplain a reward should the prediction work out, since he had believed that if the King did not fight within ten days he would not fight at all. Now, he thought he ought to keep his promises in good manner.

They were nearing the village of Cunaxa, and it was nearly the middle of the afternoon, while the day was September third, 401 B. C.,

*Valued at nearly fifteen thousand dollars to-day.

when the skirmishers saw a solitary scout coming back at a gallop across the brown prairie in front, and lashing his foaming sweating horse to all the speed it could make. The scout shouted his news which was relayed back to the lines with promptness.

The Great King was at hand.

The Hellenic soldiery went promptly into battle formation. Cyrus had been riding in a chariot, but he mounted a horse, and gave his last commands for action. He was fully armed, and he rode out before a group of some six hundred horse, mostly retainers and personal followers upon whom he placed great dependence. He showed his contempt for danger, in a reckless manner, by going into the fight without a helmet.

Clearchus took advantage of the broad-rolling Euphrates at his right, to draw up his army in a strong position. Proxenus, with Xenophon, commanded the brigade on the extreme right touching the river, and on the left wing stood Menon. The left was a position of uncommon danger, for should the invaders be enveloped by a flank attack, the left would neces-

sarily be the very first section surrounded and crushed. Clearchus may have had in mind his old quarrel with Menon when he made this assignment. He himself held down the centre, and Cyrus with the native forces stood farther inland beyond the Hellenic soldiers. Ariæus commanded Cyrus' natives.

Their first sight of the enemy proved disappointing. The dazzling glare of the sun, and the rolling clouds of dust produced by so many marching regiments, created a haze which made accurate estimates difficult. The advancing ranks came up like a white cloud. But after a time, the glitter of bronze, and of steel-tipped lances, could be detected, and presently separate companies could be discerned. The Persian advance was not rapid, but was steady and well-ordered. Considering the enormous masses of men that they had to move, they came on in good style and with no great delay.

Several squadrons of cavalry in white armor covered their left flank down close to the river. Among the Spartans, gossip had it that Tissaphernes commanded this force. Many eyes were turned toward the organization, for Tis-

saphernes was considered the ablest and the cruellest of the Persian satraps on the seacoast, and more than one of the invaders knew him personally, or had suffered from him, while all knew him by reputation. And with good reason they felt that if he conquered, he would justify his title for savagery. A mass of infantry covered by intricate wickerwork shields flanked Tissaphernes' men. Native scouts said that these were Egyptians. Various brigades kept good order, being marshalled chiefly by nations, and despite what Cyrus had said about shouting and noise, the host advanced quietly, as would men in deadly earnest.

The King's scythe bearing chariots, two hundred in number, were massed directly across from the Hellenic troops.

Riding out in front of the invading rank with Pigretes his interpreter, Cyrus shouted to Clearchus to direct his whole attack against the centre of the Persian line, as the King would most likely be found there. It was a good idea, but Clearchus was too skilled a tactician to abandon his advantageous position, and he continued to cling to the river bank, which pre-

vented Tissaphernes' white-armored cavalry from flanking him. Had Clearchus felt greater contempt for the Persians he might have acceded to Cyrus' request, but he was used to dealing with fighters as desperate as himself, and he hesitated to discard the practical help which the river afforded. He answered that he would take care that all went well.

Now the space between the advancing lines was narrowing, and Cyrus could distinguish the faces and panoplies of many men he knew at home. He called them out, and named them to his friends. At this juncture, Proxenus sent Xenophon to ride out to Cyrus, and ask if there were any last orders to be given, and Cyrus said quickly to Xenophon that everything looked well, and the omens were favorable.

While saying this, he heard a rumbling shout go through the Spartan line, echoing from company to company, and asked what this roar might be. Clearchus, who was coming up, replied that his men were repeating their watchword, and Cyrus asked for it.

Clearchus answered, "Zeus the Savior, and Victory!"

Cyrus remarked that he would accept this as a good sign, and turning away each rode to his own place.

By this time the first rank of barbarian skirmishers, running far in advance of their main line, were casting darts and stones toward the charging invaders, and the Spartans began to lower their heads, and to quicken their pace. Clearchus had his men well ordered, and under good control. They were saving their strength till they could get to close quarters where they could use their razor-edged, double-bladed short swords. So they held down their speed till quite near.

The scythe-bearing chariots came on with a rush from the Persian line, and the light troops in front of the Spartans overwhelmed them in an instant. The Greek line passed easily around these helpless vehicles, killing and capturing the drivers.

Then Clearchus saw no further reason for delay, and with rapid orders from their noncoms, his front companies lifted their shields, lowered their heads for a bull-like rush, and hastened their speed to a trot. Digging their

feet into the coarse sand to get a better purchase, the bronze clad ranks rolled forward in magnificent manner with a deep-throated shout that surprised their assailants.

Cyrus launched his cavalry attack like a thunderbolt. He had only six hundred riders, and he was opposed to myriads, but his squadron was deep with a narrow front. He knew the location of the King; he knew that to win, if at all, he must win quickly. His squadron broke to a gallop, crossed the last intervening space with a tempestuous charge, and crashed like a living wedge into the yielding Persian centre.

Here in the midst of both armies, with the lines grinding together, the struggle assumed ferocious quality and proportion. As Thucydides wrote, about a very different battle, "There was no manœuvring, but they fought with fury and brute strength rather than with skill."

The King rode surrounded by the bravest of his household guards, and fighting under his own eyes they had no intention of giving ground. While armored bodies crashed to-

gether, and sabres and scimitars rang with the clangor of ten thousand anvils, horses and men trampled and fell upon one another, and the wounded and killed were piled pell-mell about the royal standard, where scrambling, shouting, cursing men rained blows at all they met, and the archers who could get near showered their shafts into this squirming mælstrom trying to cut down their respective enemies as fast as they could without entangling themselves.

Such frantic butchery could not last long. The King's cavalry were beaten, slaughtered, and routed. Cyrus' men began to scatter in pursuit. Cyrus saw his brother, and there is no reason to suspect that Artaxerxes shunned the encounter.

Cyrus yelled, "I see the man!"

Spurring his horse till the maddened animal reared and plunged over the trampled mass of bodies, Cyrus got close to the King, stabbing him in the breast with a lance. Artaxerxes fought with desperation, and the guards on both sides closed in wildly, cutting and hitting in all directions, as attackers and attacked reeled about in an insane medley.

In the very act of beating down his brother, Cyrus himself was wounded. One of Artaxerxes' attendants came up beside the savage young assailant, and plunged a javelin into his face, striking him just below the eye with such violence that the thrust knocked Cyrus from his horse.

Upon that blow hung the fate of the whole expedition.

Once down on the ground, in the whirlwind struggle, Cyrus could not get to his feet again. Horses and men reared, leaped, struggled, kicked, and fell, while the battle raged above him, and in the mêlée Cyrus was beaten down at last. Where and how the boy received his death blow no one ever knew, but he never rose from the twisting masses of wounded and dying men who were stabbing and struggling like snarling wolves upon the ground.

In the meantime, Clearchus and his Hellenic division had rushed upon the troops of Tissaphernes like a tidal wave. Whatever were their faults, the men of Lacedæmon could fight, and in this desperate crisis, with their fortunes, their lives, and all their hopes, swaying in the

balance, they hurled themselves into the battle with a maddened berserk fury that appalled the southern nationalities opposed to them.

The Persian ranks gave way. Tissaphernes found it impossible to hold his men to their place. There was never any lack of valor among the royal officers. As at Platea, they exposed themselves recklessly. But the Spartan advance rolled on with tremendous force and frenzy, crushing everything in its path. The light troops got deep in advance, cutting and stabbing among the awkward Persian files, and the complete rout of Tissaphernes' division seems to have been a matter only of minutes.

Xenophon wrote of it as if it occurred instantly. The defeat was complete, and Clearchus' position was quickly assured. Hot and triumphant, the Spartans turned about to bring their well-arranged brigade up against the centre of the King's line, but at that point Cyrus' cavalry attack, and the King's injury had already produced hopeless confusion. The Persians recoiled before the madness of the westerners' assault, and Clearchus, finding ground readily yielded, got his men in hand, and halted

to draw breath, and to see what had happened in other places.

In the meanwhile the Persian right wing, which far outflanked and completely smashed Cyrus' native host, had swung clear around the rear of the invading army, and gotten into camp. They tore up the rebels' property in savage fashion. Writing his story of the fight, Xenophon stopped his account of the action to describe how one of Cyrus' mistresses, Aspasia, fled from these savage assailants, and ran for refuge among the Spartan guards who rushed to her rescue, and beat off her attackers with considerable loss to themselves.

Ariæus and Cyrus' native troops had fled, and the wounded King rallying some of his men moved up toward the Spartan camp. Artaxerxes showed courage. One admires his determination. Clearchus saw them. He wheeled part of his brigade at once, and sent them back to camp. The attackers drew off.

Clearchus then got the entire Hellenic force together, and presenting a solid front they advanced steadily against the wreck of the royal centre which yielded ground till, with nerves

utterly shattered, it broke into hopeless rout. At this point the desperate Spartan had the river in his rear, and was staking everything on the success of his charge. It went through perfectly, and the enemy, already beaten and helplessly demoralized, retreated almost at once.

News of Artaxerxes' wound contributed to the despondency in the Persian army, and the field was presently abandoned. Native dead covered the ground, the number being put at some fifteen thousand, though Hellenic losses were disproportionately light.

Thus ended the battle of Cunaxa.

Clearchus, Proxenus, and Xenophon, wondered where Cyrus might be, and why no word came from him. Practically all of Cyrus' personal followers had perished in the struggle in which Cyrus himself was killed.

Sending forward a few mercenary cavalry, Clearchus ordered them to occupy the ridges around the field. The west was reddened by the setting sun. East, one could see the last of the Persian mounted rearguard drawn out on a ridge. As the Hellenic force came up, they broke away, and before sunset the Spartan skir-

mishers had established outposts on the slopes around, and for a moment the army was secured against attack.

The westerners had little to eat, for the plundering in their camp had ruined or carried off everything, and the prospect was anything but encouraging. So that most of the mercenaries went supperless to bed, and they had had no breakfast.

They were cheered at least by the reflection that they had met and beaten in fair fight the best army that the Great King could assemble. With this idea foremost, they put down their arms and armor, and rested.

Almost immediately the sun went down.

THE RETREAT OF THE TEN THOUSAND

AT daybreak the Hellenic commanders assembled. They still wondered that no messenger came from Cyrus, and speculated about where he could have gone.

It was not till well after sun-up that orderlies arrived from the camp of Ariæus bearing certain word that the prince was dead. During the night, with the remnants of his command Ariæus had retreated to a position some miles in the rear. Later in the forenoon he sent a runner to tell Clearchus that he would remain with them that day, but afterward he would return to Ionia. He offered to lead the Greeks back if they cared to accompany him.

The sun grew exhaustingly hot, and the men were hungry. Clearchus called a council of Hellenic officers, addressed them, and suggested that they offer the throne of Persia to Ariæus. Weary and dispirited, they sat around in a circle on the ground, and talked things over, but they finally concurred in Clearchus' idea, and he accordingly despatched a messen-

ger with this announcement to the barbarian leader. At the same time he reminded Ariæus that in the previous day's engagement they had proved they could fight and win.

Chirisophus the Laconian and Menon the Thessalian rode back to Ariæus' camp to discuss the proposal, and pending their return, Clearchus paraded his men, and made preparations to put their position into a state of defense. The ground was sandy and rocky, and singularly unsuited for an elaborate camp. Grain was scarce, and early in the day the oxen were slaughtered for food. The practical soldiery went foraging on the battle-field, and collected huge heaps of enemy arrows and wickerwork shields which they broke up for fuel. A hundred cook fires were lighted, and the scanty dinners prepared.

About mid-forenoon heralds appeared from the quarters of the Great King, asking if the Spartans meant to continue the war, or were willing to make peace, and next demanding that they lay down their arms, and surrender. The envoys sat on their horses, and shouted word from a distance. In this, Clearchus saw the schemes of Tissaphernes, and replied equiv-

ocally. While all hands waited, the Spartan general again assembled his officers for a discussion. But the Greeks, feeling that in spite of their disadvantageous situation they held the upper hand, replied to the envoys that Artaxerxes might come and take their arms, if he felt strong enough. And as for the matter of peace or war, Clearchus deigned to give the Persians no hint of what he intended to do.

Before sundown the cowardly Ariæus sent word that he must refuse the dangerous honor offered him. Clearchus now experienced great perplexity. The sun was setting, and the supply matter growing hourly worse. On the great plain they had no available protection against bad weather, and the camp was surrounded by the livid wreck of the previous day's fighting. The hacked and torn bodies of thousands of men and horses strewed the sand, and plundering soldiers wandered through this hideous confusion robbing the dead of whatever valuables they carried. Clearchus now rushed a summons to Ariæus to hold a further council, and the barbarian chief agreed. In the night the Spartan broke camp and depend-

ing upon the brilliant desert stars for guidance, hiked north, with his men carrying their wounded as best they could, to join Ariæus.

Clearchus and the native held a brief conference from the saddle, and swore to help one another mutually, and at the first streaks of red in the east, the armies began the homeward march, having the sun on their right. At about dark they found deserted Babylonian villages, and gathered up a scanty amount of forage. Clearchus' men raged and cursed, but there was nothing left to do but to follow Ariæus. He selected a route that led almost due north toward the Black Sea, and explained to Clearchus that it was the only way open. Provisions had been exhausted on the road over which they had come.

On the next day heralds from Artaxerxes overtook them to propose a truce, and the weary Spartan was more than willing to listen to this idea. But before he allowed the heralds to be brought in, Clearchus summoned his most active and well-equipped companies, and disposed them around his quarters so as to make an impressive showing. Seeing these well-trained

and well-prepared men, the Persians delivered their message. When the carriers of Artaxerxes' terms had finished, the Spartan answered haughtily that before the Greeks would consent to a truce, the Great King would have to feed them.

The idea proved immediately acceptable, and Clearchus deduced that the king was profoundly anxious to avoid another clash with these savage fighters. Under guidance of the same heralds, and some natives of the locality, the army moved farther north, and bivouacked near the Euphrates in villages well supplied with grain.

The march proved difficult, for the guides led them across a country irrigated from the river, and the ditches were all so uncommonly full of water that Clearchus grew suspicious of some hidden trap. But the men got plenty of meal and water, barley, corn, and dates, and a date wine that put the files in high good humor. Xenophon wrote, "These dates were choice fruit, remarkable for color and size, their color like amber; and some could be dried, and preserved as sweetmeats." There, too, he learned

to eat the heart of the date-palm, and compared the food to cabbage.

Three days afterward Tissaphernes himself rode up, and after some long-range parley came a little closer and talked to Clearchus, though still from a safe distance. The Persian pledged himself to lead them safely back to the Ionian coast if they in turn would pledge themselves to conduct their march well, and to refrain from pillaging. After several days of debating and haggling over terms, Clearchus and Tissaphernes swore to mutually friendly agreements.

Twenty days elapsed before Tissaphernes began the actual return. The surly and suspicious soldiery followed along protesting, but they could see nothing else to do. Next night, Ariæus went over to the King who promised him an amnesty. The Greeks were left entirely alone. Among the Spartan files gossip had it that Tissaphernes was planning some treachery.

Three days of dull trudging northward found them at the great wall of Media. Xenophon thought it a very curious piece of fortification. Built of bituminous sun-dried brick, it was twenty feet in thickness and a hundred

in height. It stretched for miles along the river, and had once been regarded as a real bulwark of Media against invasions of northern barbarians. Some days of further marching brought the soldiers to the Tigris and a populous city called Sitace in which they could market provisions.

A curious adventure befell Xenophon and Proxenus that evening. The two friends went out for a walk just after dinner, and while strolling along in front of the stacked arms, a native came up and asked a Spartan sentry where he could find Clearchus or Proxenus.

Then Proxenus spoke, and said, "I'm the man you're looking for."

The native took him aside, and explained that Ariæus had sent him to warn them of an impending night attack from Tissaphernes, and advised them to guard the bridge over the Tigris into Sitace. Proxenus collared the man, and with Xenophon to prod him along, they took the fellow to Clearchus. This news agitated the general seriously, and after some debate the sentries were strengthened, and a platoon put at the bridge head.

But no attack developed, and they never

learned the reason for Ariæus' action. They spent the night in great excitement, and when daylight had come, Clearchus paraded his men, and marched them over the river. The bridge was a remarkably big pontoon, thirty-seven boats being yoked together.

For ten days after this they pounded along on an uneventful hike northward. Finally they got to some villages belonging to the Queen Parysatis, Cyrus' mother, and Tissaphernes sent word to them to pillage to their heart's content. The files were prompt to take him at his word, and carried off a vast herd of sheep, and a supply of grain. Six days later they reached the city of Cæne, and the natives brought out bread and cheese and wine for sale.

Suspicion was still rife among the soldiery who mulled over the inexplicable affair at Sitace. Most of them hated Tissaphernes too cordially to believe him capable of honest dealing, and at the Zabatus, therefore, Clearchus sent word to the Persian that he wanted another conference.

A prompt reply came back. Whereupon the Spartan general and several of his staff, to-

gether with Proxenus and Menon, and some other high officers, went boldly to the enemy camp for the parley. In spite of the remonstrances of cautious under-officers who strove to detain them, Clearchus finally entered the Persian quarters, persuading Menon, Proxenus, and no less than twenty-two other officers to accompany him. But they failed to return, and before the sun sank the Hellenes saw a solitary man running wildly toward them across the sand, pale, bloody, and staggering.

He was an Arcadian orderly called Nicarchus who had accompanied the officers. He had sustained so severe a sword slash in the belly, Xenophon wrote, that it was only by holding together the sagging walls of the abdomen with his hands that he could keep the intestines within. He had been knocked down, and left for dead on the ground, and had picked himself up and run, after his assailants had gone on.

From the dying Nicarchus the horror-struck Spartans learned that at Tissaphernes' orders all the visiting officers had been assassinated.

This seemed the last straw. Much as they had hated and feared the harsh disciplinarian

Clearchus, his enlisted men had come universally to rely upon him. They could hardly believe that he was actually dead. To think that they would not again see the rugged figure in bronze mail with his battered old helmet over his thinning gray hair, and hear his hoarse voice hurrying up the laggards, while he vigorously plied his staff to encourage the lazy, was unthinkable. Clearchus was fifty when he died, a general still in the prime of his powers. Menon, avaricious and cunning but a bold fighter, was almost equally missed. And Proxenus, the gallant careless soldier of bad fortune, who took life lightly, left a gap not to be filled.

Universal discouragement seized the soldiery. With their veteran leaders wiped out, all hope of getting back safely to the seacoast appeared lost. Some threw themselves down on the ground in a paroxysm of despair, burst into tears, and refused to go farther.

Like his companions, Xenophon was terribly distressed. Few had lighted fires, many had refused to eat. Xenophon lay down on the ground, wrapped in his army cloak, and fell asleep. In a dream he saw as he thought an

omen from Zeus, and he woke believing that the gods were sending him information and orders.

Accordingly, at midnight, he called a roll of Proxenus' captains, and talked over the situation with them. The case was desperate. They were surrounded by an unscrupulous and well-equipped enemy in a country with which he was thoroughly familiar, their supplies were again running short, and the season was rapidly advancing. They agreed to hold a vote among the officers on the matter of a common commander, and at this vote Xenophon was elected their general. One advantage at least was acquired. The evils of a divided command had been eliminated.

At dawn all superfluous baggage was burned, and a route of retreat was selected which would take them as quickly as possible north out of the plains country, and into the mountains of modern Armenia. To his council Xenophon expressed an opinion that this was the only practical method of retreat, for on the open prairie Tissaphernes' well-mounted cavalry possessed too great a power for mischief.

After daylight, Xenophon's care was to organize a body of Rhodian slingers, archers, and lightly armed troops, equipped for quick manœuvring, and with this company he thought he could contrive to beat off skirmishers, and to protect his rearguard.

To the soldiers Xenophon remarked in the course of a brief but spirited speech that no enemy had yet appeared who could stand up to them in a fair fight, and they had lost more men through foul and cowardly murder than through real battling. "The Persians think they have gotten the better of us," he continued, "by assassinating Clearchus, but if we all act with courage and unity we can show them that we are ten thousand Clearchuses instead of one." His words had a good effect.

As soon as possible after sun-up, the march started. Almost immediately one of Tissaphernes' officers appeared in the rear with a body of horse, and a series of attacks on the Greek rearguard began. These irritating gestures were repelled with difficulty, and the heavy-armed infantry soon found that it was impossible to deal with the enveloping horse-

men who rode away so rapidly that pursuit was out of the question. The spirits of the adventurers fell again. As for the light troops they were not yet entirely prepared. Consequently the march went on under increasing handicaps.

But during that night Xenophon continued his organization, and before dawn had his Rhodians more thoroughly fortified for action. An additional piece of luck befell that evening, for in some Babylonian villages they came upon a supply of lead.The Rhodians cast this lead into small bullets which they could hurl from their huge slings with considerable success. In the morning, they gave Tissaphernes' cavalry squadrons a hotter reception than on the preceding day, and the Persian attacks recoiled in some confusion.

During the march they crossed a deep, steep-sided ravine. The Persian cavalry crossed after them, whereupon Xenophon leading out a picked infantry battalion charged them at top speed. The natives turned to flee, and found themselves on the brink of the ravine. There was some disorder, and the Greeks inflicted notable losses.

Xenophon was active, riding hither and thither, and urging on his men. Beside the yellow flood of the Tigris they found a curious relic for antiquarians, a vast deserted brick city with massive ancient walls. The hyena slunk through its alleys and howled, vultures perched on its battlements, and empty echoes rang in its vacant streets. The Greeks regarded it with awe. The place was called Larissa, and stood near the site of ancient Nineveh.

Eighteen miles farther on their hike across the sand they came to a similar city called Mespila, near the modern Mosul. These cities had been devastated by Cyrus the Great, and abandoned more than a hundred and fifty years before. Their once splashing fountains and public squares were dusty and overgrown with weeds. The green lizard crawled over their untrodden walks, and owls hooted at night from their ruined turrets while the bats wove in and out in the desert moonlight. Xenophon the soldier was lost in Xenophon the philosopher as he stared at these ghost cities, relics of civilization, and pondered upon the brevity of human things.

Leaving Mespila in the morning, they again encountered the indefatigable Tissaphernes who clung to their march like an evil spirit. His cavalry enveloped them, and a series of running fights commenced. But Xenophon and his Rhodians maintained the battle fiercely, and all day long in ceaseless skirmishing they tramped toward the distant snow peaks.

At times, the hollow square, which they had used at first, was an unsatisfactory formation. But the young leader was in no way depressed. He kept up a bold front, and galloped about his army with a small troop of cavalry, beating back the more pressing enemy advances, and encouraging his straggling files.

On the fifth day's march, the van perceived to northward, rising out of the lowland shadows, a range of rough hills. This sight which promised relief from the harassing Persian cavalry greatly cheered the footsore column. But when the marching men got up to the foot of the first slope, they found the high ground well occupied by Persian infantry. Chirisophus the Spartan captain led the way, while the bulk of the army by marching in two great parallel

columns had contrived to present the appearance of a hollow square. Within their protecting files travelled baggage and slaves.

At the foot of the slant Xenophon halted his men. He summoned his captains, and proposed to lead a direct assault. The scheme was accepted, and the men drawn from different companies, and prepared. Xenophon formed them in a column, and led them in a vigorous rush for the crest.

The summit was not readily reached. Xenophon then swung one battalion aside, and outflanked the defenders, gaining the peak at a point some thousands of yards farther on. After a hard fight he dislodged the entire defending organization, inflicting heavy loss, and his men continued their march into the hills.

They occupied the castle and park of a Persian noble who was suddenly absent, and like true soldiers promptly broke into the wine cellar, and confiscated all the liquor to be found. Three days of resting, and feasting on the satrap's supplies, put the adventurers in a better humor. As he had many wounded, Xenophon appointed eight surgeons who applied them-

selves to tying up the cuts and bruises with whatever rags came to hand. The sick and wounded thus recuperated a little, and when the column marched on they had generally a more buoyant feeling. This pleased Xenophon greatly.

Setting out again they crossed a long series of rocky ridges, and encamped on a small plain on the northern slope. That night Tissaphernes sent a party of volunteers to fire their villages. For the last time Tissaphernes appeared in connection with the retreat. But his night attack was beaten off, and the westerners came successfully back to their camp.

On the following day a savage enemy appeared in the hills ahead, and Xenophon had to urge his men vigorously to outflank these folk. Spurring his sweating horse among sand and rocks, he rode here and there calling to his men to close up. Finally a perspiring panting Sicyonian called Soterides lost patience. With hardy candor he yelled to the young commander, "This is not an even break, Xenophon. I have a hard job to carry my shield, and you have a horse to carry you!"

Xenophon dismounted with a leap, pushed Soterides out of his place in the ranks, and grabbed his shield, and marched on as fast as he could. But the other files set up a great yell, and cursed Soterides roundly, and pelted him with stones till he came back to his place, and asked for his shield. Xenophon remounted, and continued his efforts to hurry his column along.

Next day, Xenophon called a council of officers, to debate the matter of crossing the Tigris. This arrow-swift stream, shooting down from its mountain gorges, swept as an almost impassable barrier between them and their route westward. A Rhodian private came up to Xenophon, saluted, and said, "Sir, if you will furnish me what I require, and give me a talent, I will ferry you across by four thousand at a time."

This staggered Xenophon who asked bluntly what the man wanted.

He said, "I'll need two thousand hides made into bags. I see here plenty sheep, goats, and oxen. If they were skinned, and the hides blown out into bladders, they would easily furnish the means of crossing." He went on at

some length to explain how easily a couple of men could swim across, clinging to, or riding upon, these inflated bladders, and how entirely safe the scheme was.

Xenophon turned around, and referred the idea to his officers, but they voted unanimously against it. A squadron of unknown cavalry were then wheeling about on the opposite bank, watching, and apparently waiting to attack them if they crossed. The stream was so excessively swift that men engaged in passage would inevitably be compelled to give their whole attention to navigation, and could not defend themselves adequately against attack. And in addition, the current was so broad, and the crossing so long a matter, that the men who first went over would have to be under enemy fire for a great while before any reinforcements could reach them.

After questioning some prisoners on the following day, the young general and his council decided to plunge into the Carduchian mountains to northward. And they posted up a bulletin that night commanding the soldiers to get rid of any further superfluous baggage.

During the fourth watch of the night, that

is to say a little after three o'clock in the morning, Xenophon got up and roused his orderlies, and under his instructions they went around and wakened the sleeping privates. No lamps were lighted, and in a dead gloom, beneath a cloudy sky, they rose, and rolled their packs, struck their tents, and folded their blankets. Before daylight the column was marching swiftly into the hills.

Xenophon sent Chirisophus ahead with a well-tried company. By dawn the Spartan had gotten into the crests, and among some villages of the Carduchi, and the savage natives, taken by surprise, offered no opposition but fled at once. All day the column marched on, and toward evening the aborigines, gathering in the rear, began to shower stones and arrows at them. They lighted fires on the hills around, whence they could observe the Greeks, and the gloomy gorges and black frowning cliffs were studded with red chains of flame flashing like red eyes in the dark, and watching the perplexed general and his men.

At daybreak the Greeks again took up the march. This day was one of fearful and in-

cessant fighting. From dawn till dark the harassing fire kept up. Some of the attacking archers used powerful bows made of horn, and Xenophon noted that one of the slain Spartans was pierced through both shield and breastplate.

The westerners caught two Carduchian prisoners, and being uncertain about their route, brought the men forward for questioning. When the captives would give no satisfactory reply, the enraged Spartans killed one in sight of his companion. The survivor thereupon volunteered to find a safe route for the column.

Again came the necessity for cutting down on equipment, and more baggage had to be abandoned. Xenophon ordered a rigid reduction, but wrote in his journal that the soldiers managed to smuggle along some of the better-looking women and young boys among the slaves and prisoners. Stripped to its essential fighting material, the column continued north next day.

The weather was changing fast. This was late November, and day by day the climate had been growing more bleak and inhospitable. Icy

hurricanes whirled from the Armenian mountains, like storm spirits themselves, and the barren earth, hardened and frost-bitten, afforded no shelter whatever. Provisions were continuously scanty, and the clothing of these men coming from a semi-tropical climate was necessarily light.

That morning Xenophon put two thousand picked men in the lead, and among them the Carduchian prisoner. This queer savage, bearded and shaggy, clad in furs, walked along with his hands tied behind his back. Heavy rain began to pour down, and hour after hour the march grew more exhausting. But the guide led on desperately, and the soldiery ploughed after him. Hovering on the flanks of the column, the under-officers, like the Furies of Greek legend, snarled their everlasting chorus "Close up" and the files tottering with fatigue drew together, only to sway apart, then convulsively to pull together again. The hills grew gray and dim in the driving rain, standing up like drab pyramids, fringed with green rain-laced firs, and all day skirmishing continued.

The Spartans in the lead under Chirisophus marched doggedly, the Rhodian slingers circled outside the flanks themselves, and tried to beat off pressing native attacks. Dead men were left wherever they had fallen, and wounded were gathered up and dragged along with the column. Many a bold adventurer who had started from Sardis in March with high hopes of wealth and plunder and command fell in these stony defiles and lay in the pelting storm. Favored by the weather, attackers pushed close, showering missiles into the stumbling ranks, and exchanging blows with the skirmishers who staggered obstinately along on the side.

Night brought this desultory but expensive battling to a temporary halt.

Xenophon then called for volunteers to take the hills ahead which were held by a regular garrison. Cold rain continued to fall in torrents. It ran down the hillside in muddy rivulets, it leaped in white veil-like cascades from the jagged outcropping rocks, and swept along the ditches with a violence that threatened the footholds of marching men.

With the first gray of dawn the attackers

again moved on. Xenophon brought up the main column following his volunteer outfit. The hill was stormed, and the Hellenic position temporarily fortified. Some of these places were so steep that one could not climb straight up, and the soldiers hoisted one another among rocks and scrub pine, by pulling and hauling with the aid of their long lances. While this was going on, the savage natives closing in upon the rear companies massacred the last men left behind. Clouds drifted thickly around the bleak summits, the locality was terrifying to a degree, and the native bowmen used weapons so powerful that the men braced the bows on the ground against their feet, and the huge shafts pierced the victims through and through.

A cold and stormy sunset ended this day's disastrous fighting.

The following forenoon, harassed and tormented by continual long-range firing, they continued the march. From the crests the enemy rolled down huge rocks at them, and many men were crippled and crushed under this thunderous barrage.

But on reaching a large Carduchian village,

fighting stopped, and the aborigines sent forward an envoy to ask Xenophon not to burn the houses. To this, the young leader was more than willing to agree when the enemy on their side promised to make no further attack upon his column.

Xenophon marched his men into the village, and quartered them in the houses. Wine proved so abundant that the natives kept it in big vats, and the thirsty soldiers drank till they could drink no more.

From this village they had a march next day of less than a mile down to the Centrites river. They waded in and tried the crossing, but it proved an insurmountable task. Flowing from snow-fields the water was paralyzingly cold, and as it was more than breast deep its rush was so powerful that no man could keep his footing. In considerable despondency they retired from the river, and encamped.

Across this yellow flood, and under the Persian satrap of Armenia, they saw a strong force of cavalry drawn up, and prepared to dispute the passage. In their rear hovered the savage Carduchi, momentarily restrained by the truce,

but waiting to rush them if opportunity offered. Next morning, while Xenophon sat down to eat a hurried breakfast, two scouts went down the well-forested valley, and while casting around in the bushes discovered a shallow rocky ford that led nearly straight across the current. They returned post-haste, and reported to Xenophon.

He called aside Chirisophus upon whom he had begun to place great reliance, and they planned a crossing. It is noteworthy that before taking action, Xenophon stopped long enough to pour a libation to the gods for thanksgiving. Chirisophus quietly took a battalion out of camp, and went down-stream among the trees, while Xenophon continued to make open and obvious preparations as if to force a crossing at the point then occupied. The Persians opposed to him continued to stand their ground, and to await his attack.

Chirisophus reached the secret ford, and his men waded over with no difficulty. Returning silently up the wooded valley, and threading his way softly among thickets and rocks, the crafty Spartan got into the Persian flank almost

before they were aware of him. Brief fighting ended in the rout of the defenders. Never since the day of Thermopylæ had the Persians been able to stand up against the heavily armed and armored Spartans.

Xenophon then turned upon the Carduchians who had been pressing threateningly against his rear-guard, charged them furiously and drove them off with considerable loss. The main Hellenic body crossed at the ford, and their troubles for a moment were set at rest.

The passage of the Centrites was completed on the twentieth of November, and on the twenty-second they arrived at the headwaters of the Tigris, and on the twenty-fifth were at the Teleboas. Moving through a strange and often uninhabited country, Xenophon, like most explorers, had to depend on the streams for his sign-posts, his directions, and his local geography.

Nothing interesting happened. They had marched steadily day after day, a dogged ceaseless procession, starving adventurers who had gambled for a great stake and lost. Snow fell heavily during the night they were at the Tele-

boas, and impeded the march in the morning.

Under these circumstances, the fatigued captains thought it best to halt the retreat, and the battered veterans lay down in native cabins which they had appropriated, and waited for the storm to abate. They had enough food for the moment, and they found cattle, corn, old wines of great fragrance, dried grapes, and many kinds of dried vegetables in the native hoards.

But Xenophon had to set his men the example by getting up and cutting firewood. They were so numbed by cold that they thought they could go no farther. The young commander went about stubbornly, waking his half-frozen followers, and dragging them out to the fires.

Here the elevation was some four thousand two hundred feet, and with a strong wind from the mountain peaks the cold grew exceedingly bitter. The bronze armor and short scarlet tunics of the Spartans made picturesque equipment, but very poor protection against such a chill.

Anticipating an attack from the troops of

Tiribazus, the Persian satrap of Armenia who had already threatened them at the Centrites river and been worsted, Xenophon led a battalion out of camp when darkness fell the next evening. All night they floundered through deep snow, but with the aid of a native guide reached Tiribazus' field quarters at dawn. They attacked his troops, killed some, and dispersed the rest. From his private property they carried off a large stock of silver plate, so that the trip was not without its reward. On the following day, feeling a little rested, they resumed their journey hindered only by vast glacial drifts and the cold gales. In some places snow was six feet deep.

In spite of all efforts, progress remained slow. They could not get out of the snow-clad regions. Storms swept all the ranges, and wherever they turned they found themselves sinking in the deep white banks. Again that night they encamped in the snow, sleeping in wet blankets, and suffering terribly now from cold and exhaustion. Next day the sun shone from an unclouded blue, glaring fearfully on the endless fields of white. Snow-blindness set

in, and frost bite claimed many. Some of the men went mad, and others were gripped by a strange disease which Xenophon could not analyze. Frost-bitten fingers, and toes, and ears dropped off, and the mutilated soldiery stumbled along in agony through the snow.

They waded the headwaters of the Euphrates, wet to their waists, and nearly dead from exposure. One party discovered a hot spring, and crouched around it in an agony of glee. Xenophon found it nearly impossible to drag them away. When he seized some by the collars and belts and tried to pull them to their feet, the starved, blinded and frozen wretches advised him to kill them at once, and thus to shorten their sufferings. Xenophon was horror-struck.

Biting hurricanes blew. Men offered a sacrifice to Æolus god of the winds, and to everyone's great satisfaction the storm presently abated. Like Prometheus the column seemed doomed to an everlasting struggle on the frozen mountain peaks. One by one, in intolerable agony, the baggage animals and slaves fell down and died as they walked, but the inexorable

march went on. Little snow-covered mounds marked the last resting-place of many a brave fellow who had started with Cyrus to make his fortune.

On the eighth of December they reached some Armenian villages in which they could encamp and build fires, and to some extent they succeeded in healing the frost wounds and rheumatism contracted in the wet and sleet. The best thing about this encampment was a great quantity of barley-wine. Nearly every native householder had, in his underground home, a deep vat or tub of this liquor, and Xenophon wrote that "it was decidedly strong, but a very pleasant drink when one got accustomed to it."

Here, friendly natives helped to remount the Hellenic officers, and Xenophon let his men rest for a week. Native horses, he found, were small like ponies, but spirited and active. To enable their beasts to get through the drifts, the savages were in the habit of tying bags around the hoofs so as to form rudely improvised snow-shoes.

Most of the houses were half or entirely be-

low the level of surrounding earth, like the old sod dugouts of our western states, and were quite warm even in winter. Before rough fireplaces, around great smoky flames, the tired soldiers sprawled on furs and hide robes, and rested, and some rehearsed the story of Odysseus, and spun yarns about the battle at Cunaxa, but most of them lay as if worn out, and indifferent, wondering only when, if ever, they would get back to their own home land.

They remained in this cantonment till the fifteenth when ever-increasing cold and scarcity of provisions drove the brigade on. Twelve days of uneventful marching westward in chill and wet and hunger brought them to the river Phasis, and in this place they again found a native force drawn up to oppose them. Xenophon seems to have been in good spirits. In his diary he recorded some banter between himself and Chirisophus preceding the attack.

Xenophon had recommended to his council of officers that they wait a little, and try to outflank the enemy by a night march, his favorite manœuvre, just as it was later one of Hannibal's favorites. However, he remarked,

this would be *stealing* a march on the enemy, and he hesitated to talk about stealing in the presence of a Spartan (Chirisophus), as every one knew the Spartans were trained from boyhood to steal. Chirisophus retorted that Athenians were likewise skilled thieves, especially at stealing public money, for he understood that their senators invariably did this. And, he added, as Xenophon must be a pretty clever thief, it was high time for him to give an exhibition of his prowess. The exchange of wit put the bearded, ragged, frost-bitten men in better humor. Xenophon then justified Chirisophus' dubious compliment by a night march which served the purpose. Following a brief fight in the morning the enemy was dislodged.

Five days march brought them to the chief stronghold of the savage Taochians. By this time, Xenophon's followers again experienced dire need of supplies, for a column of nearly ten thousand requires an immense amount of food, and casual foraging seldom sufficed. In this Taochian fort were concentrated material and equipment for many men.

The position was naturally very strong, for

it lay in the bend of a river, with the broad swift stream washing three sides of the rocky hill, and precluding any attack at these points. Moreover, the ground on the tongue of the peninsula rose high, and at its sides overhung the boiling rock-studded current in beetling cliffs.

The hill was fringed by pine and fir woods, and plastered with snow. Great rocky ledges and boulders jutting from many angles afforded ample and helpful cover for attackers, but unfortunately gave the same advantage to defending troops. The place was well manned, and the peak to some extent protected by a natural outcropping ridge of rocks that ran around it like a rampart. Within this cover, the native garrison coolly prepared to withstand all attacks, and with equal coolness the starving and battered Spartans, Thessalians, and Arcadians prepared to storm the fort.

In company with his much tried and much needed Chirisophus, and Callimachus, a Parrasian captain, Xenophon went forward to reconnoitre, while a thin line of skirmishers readjusted their armor, and tightened their sandals and belts.

The officers ran up as closely as they dared, and saw showers of darts cast down upon the first scouts, to be followed by rumbling boulders which bounded and leaped from crag to crag with the roar of a thunderstorm.

Chirisophus, as usual, had had the van, and his men had already been roughly treated. "You came up at a very opportune moment," he told Xenophon. "For this place simply must be taken. There will be nothing for the army to eat if we do not get this place."

No simpler or more pressing argument could have been offered to a soldier. While feathered shafts sang and whistled in the wind, and falling stones crashed against the snow-crested pines, they stood in a little sheltered hollow, and talked about what they would do.

"There is only one road up to the crest," Chirisophus said, and it was plain to be seen, because it went straight up the slant on the only open side. "But if any one essays to try it, they roll down rocks upon him from the crags above. And whoever is hit, is served thus," and he pointed out some of his followers from the skirmish line, lying in screaming agony among the

crevasses, with arms and legs and ribs crushed by the flying missiles.

After some debate the attack got under way again, Xenophon urging on the men. Deploying into a short skirmish line, the attackers spread out so that none of the boulders on passing through the line could possibly include more than one man, and using the trees for shelter, they began resolutely forcing their way up.

When about seventy men had gotten far forward among the pines, not indeed in close formation, but acting each for himself, and each guarding himself as best he could, two captains, called Agasias and Aristonymus, took the lead. One of the best known of all military axioms here proved its truth. An advance once begun must go on. It is suicide to turn back under fire. It was unsafe to stand among the trees, or to remain in one place, and consequently the soldiers continued to wriggle forward, diving into crevices, and hiding behind boulders, but persistently working upward.

Callimachus leaped out two or three paces from behind a towering pine, and drew a shower of missiles. He dodged back successfully. This

was repeated. At each such manœuvre, Xenophon wrote, "ten wagon-loads of rock came thundering down."

But Agasias seeing what Callimachus was doing, and that the attention of the nearer defenders was concentrated on the Parrasian and his men, sprang from his own defense and sprinted for the crest. He was fleet of foot, and so were his nearer men. Aristonymus, Eurylochus, and other officers followed him, yelling to their soldiers to come on, and in a moment the charging line got close enough to the fortification to use their own lances and darts.

Once inside the enemy's line of fire, they could prevent further rock-throwing, and they closed furiously with the garrison. At this juncture, Xenophon's main column, still halted far down in the road, raced up the hill, and was in at the death. Defensive troops stood their ground courageously, and all along the crest the battle raged like mad, for there was no way to get out. The trapped garrison resisted to the bitter end, with no thought of surrender, and the Hellenic losses were so severe as to dampen the victory.

In the narrow cliffs along the top, uproar and confusion became terrible. Some of the defenders' families were penned up there, and these savage women, no less determined than their men, cast their children headlong from the cliffs into the raging river below, rather than to see them prisoners, and leaped recklessly to their own deaths a moment after.

A Stymphalian captain called Ainias saw one savage running with a beautifully colored handwoven robe, and rushed after him. He seized the man, and tried to tear away the robe. They closed, struggled, and tottered on the edge of the cliff. Before the starting eyes of his friends, the heavily armored Hellenic soldier and his barbarian enemy, locked fast in each other's arms, went over the rim, spinning madly in air like the ill-fated Icarus, and were dashed to their death on the rocks below. But the Spartans' armor protected their bodies in the hand to hand fighting, and every gashing thrust of their lance-keen short swords slashed deep into the flesh of their savage opponents. Blood and dead covered the snowy ground.

The uproar died down. Most of the defend-

ers were killed. Xenophon sent out foraging parties to pick up the wreck of the fight, and to get in his wounded. A few natives were taken alive, and a large herd of cattle. There was roast beef for dinner that night, and the tired soldiers rested.

This battle was fought on January third, 400 B. C. After resting and recuperating, he marched his column on through the Chalybes on the tenth of January. These Chalybeans gained from Xenophon the complimentary distinction of being the bravest savages he had met, and like Sir John Mandeville he met some very peculiar people in his wanderings. The Chalybeans relied much upon a short, heavy, curving-bladed knife. It is a terrible weapon at close quarters. They harassed Xenophon's brigade incessantly for seven days when he finally got among the Scythini.

On the eighteenth of January he reached these Scythini, and arrived at Gymnias on the twenty-second. Here he found friendly natives who furnished guides and promised to conduct the adventurers to the Euxine or modern Black Sea. So all set out with renewed

confidence in their ability to find a way back home. Even the weariest felt a sudden accession of energy on reflecting that the long agony was coming to an end. They furbished up their arms and equipment, tightened their belts, and hiked on in good order.

On the fifth morning out from Gymnias, they reached a low ridge of mountains lying northwestward, and began to file up this slope in high heart. Mount Theches is the name given to this peak. Xenophon and some of his staff were lagging in the rear when they looked ahead and saw the first squads in their column arrive upon the crest. A moment later a long, long shout swelled on the cold mountain air, and the officers thought some enemy had come suddenly into sight. A brief alarm followed.

Xenophon spurred his horse and promptly galloped forward. The men clashed their shields and swords together, and the shouting surged to a continuous roar as a thousand hairy throats took it up. When Xenophon came to the foot of the slope, he heard the voices clearly as they cried, "The sea! The sea!"

These Greeks, true children of the sea, wept

for sheer delight when they saw the blue of the Euxine, a familiar sight to many, a pledge of safety to all, a sign that at last they were clear of the burning deserts and snowy mountains of Persia, and once more on the way to their own homes and their own country.

They rested there the remainder of that day, and on the following morning resumed the weary grind. Continuing to skirt the southern shore of the Black Sea westward, they passed through the territory of the Macrones in a three days' hike, arriving among the Colchians on the second of February.

In these villages of Colchis a curious adventure befell them. They discovered a number of beehives, and like hungry soldiers promptly gorged themselves on the honey. But this honey, made largely from a species of rhododendron called rose laurel, common in Asia Minor to this day, contained some oddly intoxicating and narcotic qualities. Large numbers of the soldiers became as drunk as they ever got on wine, and many others were violently ill. After some three days Xenophon dragged his disabled veterans to their feet, and the tramp

was continued. Here they descended from the hills, and the great column, winding down, came at last to the blue salt-sea they had so long desired.

They put on a field day in honor of Zeus and Heracles, and the Spartans boxed, and wrestled, and ran races, and pitched quoits. Xenophon wrote in his diary, "It was a fine sight." He was very glad that the morale of his men was still so high.

A Spartan soldier called Draco won first place, and was given a prize by the officers. On the rocky hillsides, which resembled a natural amphitheatre, the soldiery sat around in a vast semicircle and watched the struggles.

Horse-racing had a certain element of rough humor, for it was held on a steep slope, and though all galloped down at a great rate, they panted back up very slowly, with the onlookers laughing, cheering, and yelling encouragement. Despite all the danger, misery, and privation, the whole scene had a strangely light-hearted touch. It is only a step from tears to comedy. Xenophon wrote at one place in his journal, "It all came out right in the end."

From his own account of it, Xenophon's part in this great retreat can hardly be recognized for what it really was. He wrote much as Cæsar wrote of his wars, in a distant and scholarly way, without personal bias or partiality, apparently without even excitement. But his influence over the men was enormous.

Many a time the tired man wished himself back in the cool Attic home of his youth. Many a time he thought of the kindly-eyed, twinkling old Socrates, of the white temples, and their clinging green ivy and myrtle. Such service as Xenophon saw ages one appreciably. Still young in years, the adventurer had grown gray in experience. He had gambled for an empire, and lost.

XENOPHON IN THE LAND OF CHERRIES

WITH the last race ended, and the last winner crowned, the tired mob dispersed to quarters. That night they slept soundly, and with a sense of security not felt in many a day.

Next morning Xenophon summoned together his weary adventurers. They sat on the little hillsides in a crescent-shaped throng, as they had been wont to do in the amphitheatres at home, while heralds stood up and called for counsel regarding the remainder of the journey.

A soldier called Leon rose first with the suggestion that they try to procure boats, and to complete their retreat by sea. With some pathos he remarked, "I am very tired of this marching, and carrying packs, and standing in line, and fighting, and now that we have the sea, I'm for going home on a boat, and stretched out flat on my back like Odysseus."

Fatigued echoes of his complaint rose from the ranks. Times change, but soldiering never changes.

Chirisophus rose. He offered to go and to look for means of navigation. After some brief discussion the assembly voted tumultuously to send him ahead. Xenophon then stood up to address them. Practical things concerned him, such as to get rations for eight thousand hungry men, to prevent them from straggling and plundering, and to protect them against surrounding savages and pirates.

His soldiery agreed cheerfully enough to all his suggestions, till in a luckless moment he remarked that if Chirisophus failed to get enough boats, they still might have to leg it over the mountains. At this, his audience set up a yell that made the hills ring. No more hiking for them—not if they knew it. Xenophon smiled, but he changed the subject.

At Trapezus, he had heard that a fifty-oared galley was available, so the hardy commander despatched a half-company of infantry to seize it. After dusk had fallen the same day, the men were paraded, and marched away, and the next day the boat was Xenophon's. He installed a Laconian called Dexippus as captain, and in the following night this cunning char-

acter slipped his anchors and sailed out of the Euxine leaving his companions to their fate. How he persuaded his own seamen to go along was never made clear, but they went. Xenophon had told him during the day to sail to Byzantium, and to ask help of the Spartan admiral Anaxibius who had a little naval station there. Consequently, Dexippus' treachery was not at first apparent.

Hearing on the following day of another and smaller boat, a thirty-oared galley, Xenophon marched a raiding squad after it, and seized it. He bestowed this command on an Athenian called Polycrates who proved more faithful than Dexippus. For several days Polycrates cruised about the little port of Trapezus, loaded to the gunwales with soldiers doing duty as marines, and seized all the peaceable merchantmen he could find.

By this time the hungry soldiery had thoroughly foraged the adjacent country. Seeing provisions grow daily scarcer, Xenophon fell in a column of three thousand infantry, and marched back into the highlands in search of fodder and rations. Scouts who trotted over

the stony hills in lines parallel to the marching regiment discovered an occasional pig or ox in the abandoned farmsteads, but the peasant owners had fled helter-skelter.

At last the explorers sighted a mountain stronghold into which aborigines were streaming from all quarters with herds and supplies. Thither Xenophon's regiment directed its own steps, with something resembling animation. When they got up close, it looked like a hard job.

A deep and steep-sided ravine curved almost entirely around the place, and the precipitous banks of this chasm bristled with loose boulders and pebbles. Footing proved fearfully insecure, and they could discern only one path leading up the enemy slope. None the less they instantly essayed a crossing and assault.

In advance of the heavily packed infantry, a battalion of light troops dashed over the chasm by the winding path, and ran up to try the hostile defenses. Strong wooden palisades surrounding the peak like a high fence proved too much for the sorely tested attackers. The rush faltered, and stopped. A continuous rain

of javelins, darts, stones, and arrows from the palisade tops fell upon the hesitant leading companies. The position of the rash assailants grew precarious. A runner raced back hastily over the chasm just crossed, and over the rocky crest outside it, to summon Xenophon and his two support battalions, and to announce the predicament.

Reserves then hurried up, and Xenophon, who had been in the rear, ran across the top to see at first hand what sort of situation confronted him. This done, he ordered over his heavy infantry, and made preparations for an escalade. He had no wooden ladders at hand, but plenty of human ladders. Agasias the Stymphalian athlete, and first to scale the palisades, wrapped his feet and legs about the planking, and hung down bodily to seize another man and pull him up. Climbing upon each other's bodies, they went up one after another in the swift succession of a moving chain, and began to fall over the top rapidly.

Battle raged within the walls till all the defenders were cooped up in one corner. These curious Armenian savages, bareheaded and

barefooted, clad for large part in skins, and armed with spears and bows clotted with blood, flitted about as madly and as picturesquely as a band of the tragic Furies. Xenophon's bronze-armed regulars made a striking contrast.

But it turned out to be an awkward and expensive victory. Xenophon had a wolf by the ears. Within the fort stood a small redoubt, into which the more obstinate of the garrison retired. They ceaselessly hurled down missiles upon the Greeks, while more of the natives, collecting upon surrounding hills, made preparations further to harass the invaders.

Xenophon got out of his difficulty by the inartistic but highly effective scheme of setting fire to the palisades. The flame, spreading into the redoubt, gave the inmates enough to think about for a time, and Xenophon's tired men collected their plunder, drove out a herd of cattle that had been stalled within the inclosure, and retired promptly but in good order.

That night they made a weary camp in the stony ridges of the mountains, and when the stars faded before dawn, their anxious leader went around, got his men up, and hurried them

to resume their retreat. In all quarters the natives were rising, and by midday had begun to press closely upon the flank and rear of the heavily laden regiment. All forenoon the Greeks struggled down out of the mountains by winding roads. Spears whistled by, stones and javelins flashed about their ears, and the yells of the champions rang harshly from either side.

Using an alert platoon of Cretans to form fake ambuscades, Xenophon stalled off the attack *en masse* which he most feared, until he could get his men down from the ridgy country, and upon a level where they were better able to manœuvre and to fight. Some of the hard-pushed Cretans had to escape by rolling and tumbling down the steep slopes like acrobats. Small thickets of fir and low pine grew on the slant, and through these green alleyways the retiring soldiery ran and fought like men in a frenzy of hate and fear. Before darkness fell, the starved and hammered regiment, covered with fresh wounds and bruises, was back in its camp on the shores of the Black Sea.

Some time had now elapsed since Chiriso-

phus had gone away, and his comrades grew tired of waiting. In spite of Polycrates' foraging, available vessels still proved inadequate to transport the army. Again Xenophon called roll, and asked his men what they wanted done. Again there was argument and recrimination. But realizing that rations were scarce, and that when they had exhausted the present supply they would be completely destitute, the unwilling adventurers voted finally to retreat on foot. Their sick and wounded, and the more prized female slaves and boys, together with heavy and unwieldy baggage, were loaded aboard the ships at hand, and the divided force proceeded westward, the army marching parallel to the beach, and the boats keeping it in sight.

Three days of monotonous hiking brought the footsore infantry to a little Sinopean colony called Cerasus. Countless cherry orchards surrounded this place, and made it in spring the centre of a sea of white-petaled blossom. The town got its name from the fruit. The whole locality had the reputation of being a land of cherries.

There they divided all the plunder still held

in common, and out of Apollo's share Xenophon had a votive offering made. Afterward he dedicated it in the temple at Delphi, inscribing upon it his own name and the name of his old friend Proxenus who had been murdered with Clearchus back near Cunaxa. Another portion of the treasure was destined for the temple of Artemis at Ephesus, and this money Xenophon undertook to care for till proper disposition could be made of it.

After ten days of rest at Cerasus, the brigade marched on with cripples as before aboard the fleet. Xenophon's native guides now led them into the territory of a tribe of savages called the Mossyneci, and one Timestheus, an official representative of the Mossyneci at the port of Trapezus, a consul as we would call him today, endeavored to arrange for a friendly passage.

Xenophon's enlisted men came to him with the opinion that the Mossyneci were the most beastly and uncivilized savages they had ever met, a sweeping opinion, though sweeping opinions are the salt of the enlisted man's mind. Going around among the Mossyneci, Xenophon

saw as much tattooing as one would see among enlisted men of to-day.

This surprised him, and he noted that the tattooing stood out very plainly because the people had uncommonly white skins. They considered fat an attractive feature, and consequently stuffed their children with rich oily food, and the astounded Xenophon, who could hardly believe his eyes, wrote down in his diary that the young Mossyneci were almost as broad as they were long.

These folk had a habit of talking out loud to themselves, which shocked the young Athenian, who thought at first that they were all feeble-minded. When he went among them, and inquired through an interpreter what they had for a ruler, they explained to him that they had a king whom they regarded as a god, and whom they kept shut up in a wooden tower. From time to time they consulted him for advice, or prayed vaguely to him for help. Xenophon could only shake his head in amazement at such vagaries. Like most of these savages they dressed chiefly in skins, but to some extent they carded and spun wool clothing, and wore shoes of hides.

After Timestheus had asked for passage for the army, the Mossyneci held a private council, and voted against his request. The next day Xenophon saw that his Greeks would have to fight their way through. Once he was assured that no safe conduct would be granted, he acted with celerity. He drew out his men early in the morning, attacked the first assembly of the aborigines he could find, killed some and put the rest to flight. His men plundered the native strongholds to their complete satisfaction. In the savages' caches the Greeks discovered enough hard bread, salted meat, and hoards of chestnuts to fill their immediate needs.

Xenophon followed up the shaggy unkempt natives, continued his assaults upon their strongholds, took their chief fort, set fire to the whole place, and burnt the unlucky god-king in his tower. Like true soldiers, Xenophon's hungry files looked promptly for wine. They came upon some so strong that it had to be diluted before they could drink it. At any rate, Xenophon watered his, though he recorded that it was fragrant and delicious.

Breakfast over the following morning, he

formed his hardy outfit in a column, and started them again on their long journey. Ten days of tiresome marching landed his soldiers at another Sinopean colony called Cotyora. The natives of places successively invaded were astonished beyond words at sight of this battered army marching down out of the desolate Armenian mountains, and heading west. Xenophon was now beginning to get into a territory somewhat studded with Greek colonies, or colonies of Greeks who had freely intermarried with the natives. At Cotyora his men felt very much at home, took the consequent liberty and license, and got completely out of hand. The plundering and pilfering which followed occasioned Xenophon a good deal of trouble.

Next day an embassy came from the Greek colony at Sinope. The chief envoy asked for an interview with Xenophon, and was brought to the leader's tent. The meeting was granted with pleasure, since the general wanted nothing better than to talk matters over with his unwilling hosts. They sat down and eyed each other unpleasantly. The ambassador came to the point with speed, and remarked that if

Xenophon could not see his way clear to restraining his soldiery, Cotyora, Sinope, and the other coast cities would form an alliance against them.

Xenophon found his position awkward. As for the threats of the Sinopeans they gave him no concern. He was quite confident that his sturdy band could fight its way through any opposition from the softened townsfolk. But he had no desire to fight. At the same time he commanded a half-starved, half-mutinous mercenary column of uncertain discipline and still more uncertain temper. And feeling responsible for their doings, he was to some extent constrained to take care of them, however unwillingly, and to argue in their behalf. But he was also hard put to it to explain and to defend the conduct of his men for whom he felt that semi-affection known to those who have suffered in the common dangers of battle.

He got up, and answered civilly that he had tried to market provisions wherever possible, and that whatever had been taken unauthorized had been seized not through wanton desire to plunder, but from sheer necessity of warding

off starvation. He explained that his sick were quartered in houses that were paid for, and that he was doing all he could to keep order.

His cautious remarks fell short of their purpose, but the envoys went dubiously home with the message, and the city council of Cotyora finally voted to show public hospitality to the army. An anxiety to get rid of this plague, and a nervous desire to hasten them on their way as soon as possible, probably prompted the decision. But it was nearly dark then, and nothing more could be done that day.

In the morning, Xenophon mustered his men, and after an official council, his officers sent an invitation to the Sinopean ambassadors to come into quarters, and to give advice on possible routes west.

The chairman of the Sinopean committee, into whose territory they would go from Cotyora, responded that they could travel by sea or land to Sinope. But probably, to him, the sea journey was less desirable, as Sinope would likely have to find boats for them. He went on, though, to say that it was the better thing to do, for the land route lay through Paphla-

gonia, and crossed three large rivers, and he considered the Paphlagonian barbarians hard fighters both a-foot and a-horse.

If he had expected to stir the pique of the hardy veterans and to play upon their vanity, as some suspicious ones thought, he made a mistake. They refused his bait, as veterans are very apt to do, and after some frankly sceptical criticism of his motives, the council voted to go by sea, and intimated to the envoy that if he really wanted to be their friend he would better get some good boats for them.

Surveying his deep files of veterans, when they drew up on the dusty parade-ground, and noting their finish and efficiency, Xenophon remarked to his staff that it would be a fine thing for them to found a colony. He could not have discovered a more polyglot crew among Greeks. But his idea went astray. Xenophon had a weakness for religious approval, and he called up the soothsayer Silanus to get that worthy's opinion. But the good priest was still carrying the three thousand gold darics that Cyrus had given him for his prophetic magic just before the battle at Cunaxa, and he wanted to get home

with his money. He put Xenophon off with some hasty excuse, and went out to spread the story through the ranks about the colonization idea. In less time than it takes to relate matters, there was annoyance among the men, and Xenophon had a half-dozen rivals for the position of governor.

Another public council had to be called, and with all opinions well aired, the assembly fell back again upon Xenophon for leadership, but voted to hold the force rigidly together, and to continue the march. The colonization idea had to be shelved. At this Silanus set up a yell, and tried to say that it would be fair for any one to quit the column when he wanted to, but the enlisted men within hearing shouted him down, and the crestfallen chaplain was reduced to silence.

Xenophon had not reached the end of his troubles. Rumors flourished. What army is without them? The idea got abroad that he planned to lead the column back to Phasis. Again he called an assembly, and with some heat asked his men if they could tell east from west by the sun. When the matter of direction had been threshed over, and his sceptical files

felt reassured as to their route, some disciplinary measures were instituted, and Xenophon felt that the crisis had passed.

His foragers came in now to report that enough boats had been gotten together to furnish transportation. The next day he loaded his column aboard, and sailed west to Sinope. A Sinopean delegation met them at the piers, and presented them with forty-five hundred bushels of meal, and what was more to the point fifteen hundred casks of wine.

On the following day, Chirisophus sailed into the harbor, and got a pleasant reception. The wine had left all hands in good humor. The soldiers were sleeping, partly on the decks of their boats, partly on the stone piers of the town. The files thought he had brought back something for them, but they were presently disabused.

The best offer the Spartan admiral Anaxibius would make was a promise that if any of Xenophon's men got outside the Euxine, and wanted to enlist with him, either as sailors or marines, he could guarantee regular pay. This was interesting, but hardly exciting.

For the chief problem which now exercised

the minds of the enlisted men was to get back home with something in hand. They all had had their fill of fighting for nothing, and Spartan pay was excessively meagre. Again the military council assembled, summoned Xenophon to attend, and in a typically Greek way asked him to try to accomplish something good for the army!

There is a certain dry humor in their method. Xenophon wanted eagerly to be sole commander. He had anything but a favorable impression of the military council which had been assisting him ever since the column had reached the sea. Nevertheless, he left the assembly, and had a sacrifice offered to Zeus. Omens indicated that he should neither try for the command, nor accept it. Accordingly he went back, and explained to the crowd that he had to drop out of the race. After some violent argument, Chirisophus was elected commander-in-chief.

With a fair wind, Chirisophus steered his fleet westward out of Sinope in the morning. The citizens lined the wharves, and waved them farewell, and were glad to see them gone. They sailed away bravely enough, sails bellying full,

fir oars splashing white in the wintry sun and foam, to another Greek colony called Heracleia. Legend had it that the *Argo* had once sailed these same waters during the search for the Golden Fleece, and the soldiers who knew the folk lore of their country found much to discuss on the trip. At the Acherusian Chersonese the motley fleet anchored near a spot in which tradition said Heracles had gone down into Hades after the dog Cerberus. Enlisted men found it a place of wonder, and some interest.

Politics continued to burn. Six days after his elevation to authority, Chirisophus' command terminated. In a stormy election the army chose ten officers who were to administer affairs as the majority judged best. During these days, Xenophon kept himself well in the background.

Privately he came to the conclusion that it would be advisable now to extricate himself from this unwieldy outfit, and to get home to Athens as quickly as possible. When Chirisophus suffered his displacement, Xenophon again had a sacrifice offered, but it produced

omens against his departure, and he chose to remain. He was curiously influenced by his devotion to the gods. The military council then summoned him, and offered him command of a troop of newly mounted cavalry. Next they divided the army into three rearranged regiments, and all set out by various routes westward.

Xenophon got a good horse, and reviewed his troop, and on finding them to his liking, rode away with his cavalry. After various adventures he joined the Arcadian regiment at Calpe harbor. Around Calpe the country was rocky but covered with a fine growth of ship timber, and abundant flowing springs gushed from the stony ridges, to run down spattering between green, moss-coated banks into the sea. Peasants in the valleys cultivated fertile strips of land, and raised wheat, barley, beans, millet, sesame, figs and grapes.

All three regiments united here, but Chirisophus had a fever, and suddenly died. Xenophon suggested that they sacrifice and offer prayers for further guidance, but no chaplain proved available. Silanus had just stolen away

with his precious three thousand darics in gold, and had absconded on a small coasting-boat from Heracleia.

Another chaplain was ordained on the spur of the moment, and sacrifices were offered without Silanus. But the omens were unfavorable. In the next four days this delay grew to be a serious matter, for rations ran low, and Xenophon, ostensibly at least, was not minded to go on without some sign of divine approval, while the soldiery hesitated to force his hand.

An officer called Neon saved the day by going out on a raid on his own account, and apparently with no great thought for omens. He seized a few head of cattle, and brought them in. But he got into an embarrassing predicament with the natives, lost many men, and had to be helped in by reinforcements. It is interesting to note that immediately thereafter favorable signs were seen, and the army fell into ranks, and marched into Phrygia.

On crossing the boundary into this bleak inhospitable country, the column once more found itself in Persian territory. Pharnabazus, a professed enemy to their old opponent Tissa-

phernes, ruled the land. But this proved no gain to the Greeks. Pharnabazus wrote to the Spartan Anaxibius and asked him to try to take the invaders over the Bosphorus to European soil. Neither Anaxibius who commanded the Spartan ships, nor Cleander who had some Spartan infantry companies on outpost duty in Byzantium, and governed by land, wanted to have anything to do with the unruly Cyrean mercenaries. The column marched up to Chrysopolis, a suburb of the modern Constantinople, and encamped on the bank of the strait.

Again Xenophon thought he ought to leave and to go home. Privately he went to Anaxibius and asked for transportation, but the cautious Spartan answered that all would have to go over together, and the plan to part company with his column had once more to be abandoned.

Flat boats and barges came in the morning, and the adventurers all got across. A scene of indescribable confusion followed. Anaxibius sent an orderly to them to say that they should roll their packs at once, and march back to Greece by way of the Chersonese. The soldiery

set up an outcry that threw the Byzantines into a panic.

A Thracian adventurer called Seuthes sent a runner to the column to ask for recruits. Xenophon himself would have nothing to do with this proposal. He was sick of serving barbarians. Instead, he went back into the city to see Cleander with whom he had become acquainted. In the meantime Anaxibius again posted up information that the troops were to roll their packs, and to get ready to leave, as he intended to send them home.

The majority, being destitute, wanted pay. They sent spokesmen to remind Anaxibius of his promise to enlist them and to pay them. A perfect riot followed. Xenophon was away, and different noncommissioned officers incited the men to violence. The soldiery brought fire and burnt the city gates. They charged upon and scattered the defenders, and Anaxibius, coming out of town to see what it was all about, had to flee to his ships.

At this juncture Xenophon emerged from Cleander's house, and ran among the enlisted men, trying to quiet them. The civilian popu-

lation fled like rabbits, locking themselves in their houses, while hungry and predatory soldiers roamed the streets, pounded on the doors and kept the city in a panic. Anaxibius got into a small swift boat, and raced along the shore to Cleander's fort. At the same time he sent a runner to the Spartan garrison stationed at Chalcedon, since he judged the men at hand quite unequal to the task of quieting the rioters.

Xenophon rushed about, seizing his men wherever he could find them, pulling one away from one depredation, and another from some other misdeed, till at last he managed to still the uproar. Several of the privates suggested to him that here was an excellent chance for both to benefit themselves—they could plunder the city, and with them to back him Xenophon could make himself master of the whole neighborhood!

But the sight of their angry leader quieted some of the pilferers, and Xenophon ordered them to fall into formation at once. This done, he could talk to them, and reason with them, and his quarrelsome files at last resumed a calmer state of thought. He marched his men

out of town to the neighboring meadows, and held a council. With the assembly agreeing, he sent three officers to talk to Anaxibius, and the storm gradually came to a conclusion.

The men lay down on their packs and rested, for the day had nearly reached an end. Xenophon went to the Spartan fort that night, and again tried to make a deal with Cleander for transportation home. But Anaxibius had all the boats, and Anaxibius was in a fearful state of nerves over the graceless performance already given that day in Byzantium. After some parleying, Cleander said that he could get a reservation on Anaxibius' ship for Xenophon, and the young commander accepted it immediately, and went aboard.

Anaxibius was so angered by what had happened that he threatened to sail down the Asian coast, and to denounce the Greeks to all the Ionian cities, and to forbid any one to give them help. And, indeed, next morning the Spartan admiral sailed south, Xenophon being already on board. When he got down the coast as far as Parium, he sent word to Pharnabazus of what was going on in Byzantium, but the Per-

sian showed no interest. Anaxibius then begged Xenophon to return and to try to organize the mob, and to keep it from plundering. This, Xenophon reluctantly consented to do. His army clung to him like the Old Man of the Sea, and try as he would, he could not get quit of it. Anaxibius assigned him a thirty-oared galley, and urged him to hurry, and Xenophon returned to Byzantium.

When he got back to camp, the soldiers greeted him with some pleasure. Pharnabazus had sent runners among his Persian subjects along the coast with word that they were to give the Greeks no aid under any circumstances. To Xenophon he added a message forbidding the army to return to Asian soil.

In the meantime some of the Cyrean men had been seized and sold as slaves. A new Spartan governor Aristarchus had arrived to replace Cleander, and this, his first act, augured ill for the other soldiers of Xenophon. In spite of the natural harshness of the Spartans, Cleander had not behaved in unfriendly fashion to the Greeks. The army now drew up cautiously in its camp, and the situation assumed all the aspects of open war.

The next night, as soon as it was dark, Xenophon took Polycrates the old sea-captain, and several other officers in whom he felt confidence, and went out into the country to see Seuthes. He felt no great confidence in the probable results, but he was nearly at his wits' end to manage and to care for his disorderly brigade.

A ride of three miles brought him to Seuthes' outposts. One saw flames blazing on the wide prairie in several places, but nobody around. The wily Thracians had adopted the device of lighting a belt of fires, and retiring behind the glow into the darkness whence they could watch the newcomers with ease. Seeing Xenophon and his squad, some Thracian vedettes came forward, and challenged them. Xenophon identified himself, and the Thracians conducted him to their commander.

So Xenophon and two of his officers went up to Seuthes' quarters, where the sturdy barbarian poured a huge beaker of wine for each, and himself drank their health in encouraging fashion. In spite of his alleged rank, and he was called a prince at home, Seuthes was a mere

Thessalian adventurer, a huge-muscled, shock-headed savage with the fair hair, blue eyes, and ruddy complexion of the northern bloods.

Xenophon reminded him of their first exchange of notes which Seuthes readily recalled. It made a curious scene; Xenophon and his battered officers, with their now crestless helmets drawn down like hoods over their ears, their old bronze armor hacked and blackened for the most part, but worn bright and shiny at the joints, sitting on logs around a blazing fire, and arguing with a savage cavalry commander. The Asian stars kept watch, and a ring of wild Thracian horsemen, as savage and unkempt as Tartars, lounged about on the rim of the red circle of light, and watched the events.

Seuthes had large designs. He had set his heart upon the recovery of land which he termed part of his ancestral domain. Xenophon felt no disposition to inquire into the truth of this part of the speech. The land, said Seuthes, was land of which he had been cheated, and all he needed to recover it was an army.

It was the old story of Cyrus all over again. Like Cyrus he promised steady pay, some

seven dollars and fifty cents a month for the privates, and double and quadruple pay for non-coms and officers.* He wound up his protestations of friendship by offering to receive as permanent citizens any who might want to settle there, and Xenophon and his men remounted and trotted back to their own camp. Before dawn they were safely in quarters, and no one was any the wiser as to what had happened.

After breakfast, Xenophon fell in his men, and addressed them. He explained Seuthes' proposal, and added that they should now make a choice between Seuthes and the Spartan service. But Aristarchus' activities had practically put a check to any further plans of enlistment with the Spartans.

Xenophon was accorded a unanimous vote of approval, but no actual decision was made about enlistment. The packs were rolled, and tents struck. Before midday the column got under way, and marched to some villages a little distance out of Byzantium at which they expected to forage.

*Purchasing power was more than five times as great as it is to-day.

They were not more than well started, when Seuthes came galloping after them, still hot with his plans for enlistment. Xenophon halted the column, and the debate was resumed. When Seuthes promised that he would not expect them at any time to march inland more than seven days' journey, and repeated his former offers with additional bonuses, the matter was finally put to a vote. They swore in for service with Seuthes, and after many vicissitudes, Xenophon again found himself, as in the Cyrean case, in the pay of a barbarian.

Seuthes invited the officers to dinner, and quartered the enlisted men in several small divisions among the villages.

The dinner proved a curious performance. His guests were seated in a circle, and their food served to them on little three-legged tables. Huge loaves of bread and almost equally huge cuts of roast beef weighted the boards, and the Thracian took the food in hand, tore it apart, and tossed the fragments to his followers. This exhibition amazed Xenophon and his officers.

One Arcadian captain called Arystas caused

some surprise among the barbarians by refusing food offered in such fashion. He seized a great brown loaf for himself, skewered it with his dagger, and getting some meat on his bread, proceeded to make his meal with no further attention to Seuthes' aboriginal customs.

Successive guests came up, some Thracians, some Greeks, and offered the savage king presents. Xenophon, who was well liquored by this time, drank the king's health in a tall cup, and presented him with the whole refugee army, a gift that doubtless would have astonished the soldiers had they heard it. At this Seuthes expressed immense delight, and when the assembly of diners finally dispersed and reeled away, asked Xenophon if the Greeks would be willing to go on a small foray that night. Xenophon agreed, and plans were laid at once.

At midnight, Xenophon fell in his men, and Seuthes joined him with a battalion of light infantry. They marched in good order till daylight. On coming up to the villages Seuthes wanted to occupy, they found a light fresh fall of snow on the ground. Seeing no tracks, Seuthes judged their approach properly exe-

cuted and undiscovered. Silently they encircled the town, and Xenophon's infantry charged in, in good order. They surrounded a thousand of the inhabitants, some two thousand cattle, and a thousand smaller animals.

Most of the tired Greeks then wrapped in their long army cloaks, lay down, and fell asleep. Next day Seuthes burned the villages to the ground to inspire in other opponents a proper alarm, and despatched his plunder to Perinthus to be sold. He had to raise money to pay his soldiers, for naturally he had promised more than his slender treasury could support. In the meantime snow began to fall steadily on the desolate plains, and presently it grew extremely deep. Water carried up to the cook tents froze, and burst the jugs which were used as containers, while frost-bite began to assail the soldiers' noses and ears.

Nevertheless, discipline continued excellent. Xenophon got out his men, and in spite of the biting wind and bitter cold, led a battalion of infantry up to some near-by mountain villages. But most of the inhabitants capitulated promptly to Seuthes.

This proved a bad move for Xenophon. He quartered his men in the villages, and following some negotiations that afternoon which proved to be spying, the mountaineers assailed them after dark, and set fire to the houses. The Greeks sallied out in desperation, attacking their elusive foes, and driving them off with some loss, while they themselves suffered severely.

Next day a Thracian officer called Heracleides, who had had in hand the sale of the prisoners and plunder to raise pay, came back to camp with his proceeds. They amounted only to twenty days' pay for the month, and Xenophon was angry. He and Heracleides argued the matter unavailingly, and the soldiers too became angry, blaming Xenophon for their failure to get more and higher wages.

For several successive weeks, Seuthes' forces gradually increased. Now that he had an experienced column of mercenaries, many folk flocked to his flag. Several small raids into the Pontus followed, and Seuthes derived valuable assistance from the Greek contingent. But by this time the matter of pay had blazed up in

dead earnest, for the soldiers would take no more promises, and Seuthes could raise no more money, and Xenophon was stumped in his efforts to keep the unruly mercenaries quiet.

Spring came, and with melting snow the roads that crossed the brown steppes filled up with muddy water, and became quagmires, but one fine day two bronze-armored Spartan officers called Charminus and Polynicus came up from Ephesus. They joined the column and asked for an audience with the commander. Xenophon was very glad to see them. But Seuthes talked to them before Xenophon did, and entertained them, presumably in the fashion once shown to Xenophon and his men. The Spartans were frank about their business. They wanted to enlist mercenaries for an Asian war, and Seuthes experienced real glee at the prospect. With the aid of Xenophon's column he had established a local reputation, and so far he had very successfully shirked the matter of payment. He was quite delighted now to see the mercenaries enlisted in the Spartan service.

On the day following, Xenophon paraded his troops, and standing in front of them, Char-

minus told them that their old enemy Tissaphernes would presently be the object of a newly planned Spartan campaign. Pay would be small, but at least if Sparta promised it, the men were sure of getting it. The general sentiment of the horde inclined toward enlistment. The Spartans found no difficulty in signing them up. A final council gathered, and Xenophon was accused of various misdemeanors.

One of the Arcadians remarked that they would long since have all been in the Spartan army had not Xenophon detained them. And another intimated that Xenophon and Seuthes had worked together to defraud the army of its pay. This made the Spartan Charminus angry, and he observed that the character of Xenophon, as far as he could detect, was very fair, and added that Xenophon had done more for the soldiers than they deserved.

Xenophon defended himself before the assembly in a long speech which amused the laconic envoys.

Seuthes then partially made up the pay still lacking, and under guidance of Charminus, the whole force fell in, and marched next day down

the coast toward Lampsacus. Here Xenophon met a seer called Euclides, son of the great artist Cleagoras who painted the murals in the famous Athenian gymnasium the Lyceum. Euclides congratulated Xenophon on getting back safely from his perilous wanderings, and asked about his fortune.

The battered adventurer turned his pockets inside out. They were empty. War had proved no source of profit.

So the column marched on down through the Troad, and past Mount Ida to Pergamus. Here, in company with one Gongylus, Xenophon went on a raid which was the first skirmish of the new Persian war. They hurried with a battalion of infantry for two days into Persian territory, and captured a Persian officer called Asidates. In taking his quarters, they seized some six hundred slaves, with cattle and sheep, and valuable property. Though harassed on their retreat, they got back safely to the main body, and Xenophon's share of the plunder really made him independent. This incident was the first in which he realized anything from all his trouble.

But here, practically, ended the adventures of the Ten Thousand,—now reduced in actual numbers to a little over six thousand—for they had changed leaders and fortunes, and a new era opened in the Asian wars.

As for Xenophon, with the prospect of active service once more before him, he went on with his men to enter the Spartan army. A little later he served on Agesilaus' staff.

IN THE SPARTAN SERVICE

XENOPHON'S career now becomes, in effect, an integral part of the Hellenic war in Asia. To understand the situation into which he plunged, a brief retrospect is essential. During the long march toward Babylon, and the laborious retreat through Armenian snows, many events had transpired on the seacoast.

When Cyrus died on the blood-streaked sands of Cunaxa, the wily Carian governor Tissaphernes became the most important figure on the Asian shore. His loyalty to Artaxerxes earned him gifts from the Great King. And not the least of these were the territories Cyrus once had ruled.

In the spring of 400 B. C. Tissaphernes marched into Ionia with reinforced cavalry contingents and inflated ambitions. The news sped fast in advance, for evil tidings ride hard. Panic frenzy spread throughout Ionia like a prairie fire. Neither house nor home, life, wife, property, nor any right, would be safe with this treacherous tyrant backed by the

Great King's cavalry. Miletus excepted, the little Ionian coast cities one and all had favored the gallant and popular Cyrus. Now they saw cruel and merciless retribution swift at hand.

Decision was speedily taken. Better at once to have open and desperate war, than to die by inches under Tissaphernes' goad. At the same time they realized with bitter certainty their own weakness and the strength of the enemy tide. They discerned only one course. Gates were closed against the Persian's messengers, and a hurrying deputation of Ionians sailed from Ephesus. With a favoring wind and fair weather, they ploughed across the Ægean to land in Lacedæmon, and travel as fast as their mounts would carry them to Sparta.

They came to the rocky old Dorian city, which alone among the cities of Greece had no walls or fortifications since its soldiers were a living wall that kept enemies at a respectful distance, and they entered as suppliants. They laid the Ionian case before the Spartan senate. They begged the ephors for help. If they themselves were not fighters, they knew where to find the bronze men who would fight and

die in their tracks. Eighty long years had elapsed since Leonidas and his hollow square sank down in the pass of Thermopylæ, riddled with wounds as Herodotus says, but less than two years earlier Clearchus and a Spartan brigade had crashed through the Great King's men at Cunaxa. That was something to reassure.

And the Spartans who already were protecting three-fourths of Greece agreed to send men to Ionia. They called out a reserve officer named Thibron, and intrusted the whole business to his care. For the Asian expedition he mobilized a column of five thousand men, practically the full fighting strength of an American infantry brigade. First-class soldiers, all were drilled, disciplined, and equipped with Spartan efficiency, and many were veterans of the Peloponnesian War.

Seeing this impressive, steel-shod, steel-armored column parade before them like a living battering-ram, the Ionians breathed a little easier. They were not out of the woods as yet, but they had the toughest and hardiest army, the most mobile and muscular fighting unit in the world, enlisted on their side.

Like a far-sighted general, Thibron found out in advance the nature of the ground in which he would have to fight. Three Ionian-Persian wars, followed up by three Græco-Medic wars, and the skirmishing of many subsequent adventurers, had familiarized the Spartan high command with the nature of the Asian terrain.

Thibron promptly wrote to Athens, and asked for a squadron of three hundred cavalry. To the Athenians the request came as a lucky break. The city council voted to despatch a number of those obnoxious spies, pimps, and pests, who had once served the Thirty Tyrants. Thibron accepted his jailbird reinforcement as many another commander has taken a cut-throat crew, with a stern injunction to soldier, and a promise that if they behaved their past would not be held against them.

Things began to look interesting for Tissaphernes. Thibron, a muscular and slow moving man, with true Dorian deliberation, proceeded to impress every boat he could lay hands on, and this done, he got his men and horses aboard transports and in good order crossed the

Ægean Sea. He effected his arrival on the Ionian coast more promptly than any one had expected.

As soon as he had disembarked and encamped his men, he hastened his orderlies to all Ionian towns, and requested that whatever Hellenic mercenaries were in garrison should be sent to camp at once. Many of the little towns had hired small companies of mercenary soldiers as temporary guards. The Ionians unanimously acceded, for as Xenophon remarks, a Spartan's request at about this date was law. At the same time, he hurried the two recruiting officers, Charminus and Polynicus, north to Byzantium to enlist Xenophon and his men.

With his mobile and powerful infantry, and his small but hard-bit cavalry squadron, Thibron prepared to deal craftily with Tissaphernes. The Carian governor arrived upon the scene with full force, greatly outnumbering the Spartan, and the two able generals confronted each other, as patient and cunning as they were courageous and savage.

It exasperated Tissaphernes beyond measure to find a protective force standing between him-

self and his prospective victims. But he knew too much about the Spartan infantry to force the issue. And Thibron, to give Tissaphernes' fine cavalry as little chance as possible, warily kept his men on the high ridges and hogbacks.

For some days the Lacedæmonian was content to restrain the Persian from attacking the Ionian towns and burning the crops. But little by little this marching and countermarching wore out the country. Pillagers wrecked roads, trampled fields, and destroyed crops, and houses. Thibron began to think that a fight would suit him admirably.

While days elapsed in this grim duel of wits and tactics, Xenophon and his merry men, guided by Thibron's recruiting officers, were marching southward. Early in summer a junction was effected, and the arrival of six thousand phenomenally hardened albeit lawless mercenaries swelled Thibron's already powerful force.

Sunburned, leg-weary, their clothes in tatters, and their mail dinted and rusted, hair uncombed, their skins seamed from sun and wind and frost, Xenophon's division looked danger-

ous but hardly attractive. The column that had retreated from Cunaxa made a savage picture. But no more hardened front line contingent was anywhere available, and Thibron liked them. As for Xenophon he accepted a place in the Spartan army, commanding some of his own men, and went to work for Sparta.

With this united power, Thibron swung his force down off the high and hilly country to which he had consistently clung, and confronted Tissaphernes on the open. But the risk now looked too great to the Persian, and he in turn drew off. Like very wily chess-players they strove against each other with check and countercheck. Heavily packed, and with the added burdens of armor and equipment, Thibron's sweating column now marched in leisurely manner toward Sardis.

Successive small towns under Tissaphernes' hegemony went over to the Spartan. And in the spring of 399 it began to look as if Thibron's strong slow policy of attack, resembling that of Fabius the Delayer, as it coiled about its victim like a boa-constrictor and enveloped him in successive folds till he was smothered,

would lead to the desired victory. What Thibron wanted more than anything else was to take the Persian general headquarters at Sardis. But he hesitated to move up against this city till he had subdued the smaller places around.

His cold-blooded methods struck a snag. He blockaded a small burg called Larisa, nicknamed Egyptian Larisa, because Cyrus the Great had settled a number of captured Egyptians there, and finding the garrison obstinate, attempted a storm. The design failed to work out, and as he had consumed much time, and seemingly attained no striking result, the war office at Sparta sent an abrupt order to cut off this Larisean affair, and to carry the war into Caria. The idea was to make things warm for Tissaphernes in his own province, and it seemed good strategy, but Thibron was so slow about marching to Caria that when he got as far as Ephesus he met Spartan couriers with new commands for him, and found with them another Spartan officer called Dercylidas who was to supersede him.

Xenophon during these days found the Spartan service an easy life. Here he was in a regu-

lar army again. Food, pay, and equipment came to all through established channels, and there was no troublesome soldiers' council to offer advice, to hint, and to make veiled threats. Xenophon quietly enjoyed himself. He did nothing striking. He was content for some time to take life as it came.*

With all the enormous energy under his control, Thibron had not struck a decisive blow. This had irked the folk at home. Thibron had indeed protected the Ionian allies, but the Spartan senate expressed an opinion that he should have crushed Tissaphernes' army as well. So Dercylidas began his term with an injunction ringing in his ears to show some action. Thibron's dilatory behavior had not only profoundly angered the Spartans, but they were still more put out when gossip reached Lacedæmon that he had allowed his soldiers to forage too freely in allied territory. Of course, certain of Thibron's men had all the instincts of a band of organized pirates, and no com-

*During this time Xenophon may have made a brief trip to Athens to collect data about the trial and death of Socrates, but his stay was short.

mander can entirely prevent small pilfering in a marching army.

Xenophon continued to remain comparatively quiescent under Dercylidas. It was a relief to let some one else be commander, and bear the brunt of complaint and recrimination. He served as he was instructed, and kept himself well out of politics, and out of notice too.

The arrival of Dercylidas gave the whole play a new complexion. He despatched a flag of truce to Tissaphernes, and offered terms calculated to quiet the Carian satrap for a time. Of old, Dercylidas had quarrelled with Pharnabazus, in the present situation he saw a chance to square his grudge. He decided to go up the coast toward Byzantium, and assail Pharnabazus. Truce with Tissaphernes left him free.

The Spartan urged his men with such vigor that in a few days he had reduced several fortified posts and small towns, among them Larisa. He occupied this place which had successfully resisted the phlegmatic Thibron. Reducing nine cities in less than a fortnight, Dercylidas marched on north into Bithynian Thrace. There he passed the winter, his troops being thus no burden to his Ionian allies.

In the spring the Spartan broke camp, and hiked south again to Lampsacus where he met three inspectors from the war office in Sparta. For these three deputies, Dercylidas reviewed his troops. The three checked over every item, and pronounced his column fit for action. Later, when the Spartans paraded for the last time before their inspectors, the deputies told the troops that their general conduct, and the condition of arms, quartermaster property, and baggage, was good, and that the home office was well pleased with them.

There was some conversation among the officers about this, and Xenophon remarked to the inspector general, "We are the very same men now as last year, but with a very different commander. You can judge for yourself why we were at fault then, and not now."

Having learned that he was to remain in Asia, and to be continued in his command, Dercylidas made truce with Pharnabazus, and crossed the Hellespont into Europe. He fortified the Isthmus of the Chersonese, he was entertained royally and rudely by Xenophon's old friend and employer Seuthes the Thracian

adventurer, and returned to Asia having put things temporarily in order in Thrace.

The wily Spartan war party had never abandoned its dream of ultimately carrying the war against the Great King himself. Now new orders arrived from home which started Dercylidas again on the march for Caria. In the face of this threatening drive, Tissaphernes and Pharnabazus united their forces.

When he had crossed the river Meander, Dercylidas met them in the park of Cyrus' old expedition. It was a hot day, and the grain was tall. Advancing Spartan columns moved up in good order through the wheat, but all were marching leisurely for they had no thought of an imminent enemy.

Getting out of the grain-choked plain upon loftier and more open ground, the Spartan saw enemy scouts ahead. These men were posted up like ravens on the crests of old burial mounds along the roads, and on detecting them Dercylidas sent some of his own light troops to the same posts of vantage. Climbing up on the peaks of these cairns and barrows, the Spartans made out an enemy army drawn up in advance

and squarely across the road. Dercylidas went on boldly, and met his foes.

Carians with their white shields, and Persian infantry stood in the centre, on either flank a cloud of cavalry, Tissaphernes at the right, Pharnabazus at the left. Dercylidas narrowed his front till his files were eight deep. Then he moved what cavalry he had to one wing whence, he hoped, it could manœuvre successfully. But some of his Ionian allies, taking advantage of the cover afforded by the high growth, abandoned their arms and deserted, to the great disgust of the Spartan.

Then Tissaphernes remembered the battle by the Euphrates, and sent over a herald to ask for a conference. To this, Dercylidas agreed, and ordered his panting privates to lie down and to rest. Taking some well-equipped companies of infantry, and a good cavalry troop, he went forward. Tissaphernes' heart seemed to quail when he recalled at the last instant the desperate rush of Clearchus and the Spartan infantry through the Great King's soldiers at Cunaxa.

Under a hot sun and a cloudless sky the

sweating soldiery stacked arms, and passively waited the results of their leaders' negotiations. Xenophon regarded it as a good thing. His blood was not flowing so hot as of a few years earlier, and fighting for its own sake had less and less attractiveness.

Tissaphernes finally agreed to admit independence to all Ionian cities involved in the struggle with Cyrus. To this, Dercylidas assented for the moment, and before the sun went down the two armies, nearly at grips, picked themselves up, and marched away to their mutual headquarters.

As for the home office at Sparta, they ratified Dercylidas' truce, but not with good grace, and for a moment it seemed that the Ionians had gained all they desired. For the time, Xenophon continued to serve as an underofficer. He did his work ably but unostentatiously, and gradually became an integral cog in the Spartan machine.

Almost immediately this pleasant state of quiet experienced an interruption. A Syracusan tramp trader called Herodas cruising into Phe-

nicia saw in the roadstead the first assembling units of a large fleet, and among the local ship chandlers heard gossip that three hundred sail were mustering. In this, Herodas saw war, and he put out of harbor on the instant. Crowding on all sail, he stood for Lacedæmon, and when he reported at Sparta, no one doubted that Tissaphernes and the Great King were planning a warlike expedition westward. The Spartans saw themselves as the probable objects of this revenge attack, and the city fell into a furore.

Since his great victory at Goat River, and his activities on the Asian coast in 401 B. C., Lysander had remained comparatively inactive at Sparta. Now he came forward with a request for service. War would have to be carried vigorously against Tissaphernes, but the Spartans preferred to intrust it to their king, Agesilaus.

Tissaphernes endeavored anew to make truce with Dercylidas, and to forestall Agesilaus, for whom he was evidently unprepared. But whether by design or not, the Persian broke some of his minor agreements, and Agesilaus sailed to Ephesus with a fresh contingent of Spartans ready for action. Some personal dif-

ferences between the rival generals were adjusted, and Lysander who was serving under Agesilaus received a separate command.

Warned of the gathering storm, the Persian king Artaxerxes hurried reinforcements down country to Tissaphernes early in 396 B. C., and their arrival greatly encouraged the wily old governor. To the Spartan force he issued an ultimatum bidding Agesilaus embark his Asian expedition at once. This was too nearly in line with Agesilaus' own plans to cause any concern. The Spartan king had few cavalry, but he had drilled his infantry brigades to a superb pitch, and Tissaphernes' unfriendly order gave him exactly the excuse he wanted. With no further delay he started his march into Caria.

Xenophon got on very well with Agesilaus whom he liked from the start. This affection proved mutual, and Agesilaus gave Xenophon a place on his own staff, and later made it possible for the younger man to profit greatly from their friendship. Xenophon had ample opportunity to study the Spartan from day to day as they worked together, and he came more and more to admire the new general.

Of his commander Xenophon remarked, "The greater a man's fame the brighter is the light that beats on all his deeds. But we know that no one ever reported he had seen Agesilaus do anything base or cowardly." Agesilaus in turn was glad to number this clever young strategist among his intimates. The Spartan king, already graying, and weatherbeaten from many campaigns and much exposure, liked the enthusiasm of the other man.

This manœuvring toward Caria profoundly interested Tissaphernes, for Caria was his home province. Much as he wanted one, the Spartan failed to secure a general engagement, and hot cavalry skirmishes, brief vanguard affairs, lance and sabre fights between straggling squads of horsemen, were all he could get.

Again Agesilaus strengthened his forces, drawing recruits from friendly Ionian towns, and when his army was put into the field, Tissaphernes with an increased body of cavalry came up to meet him, and was equally prepared for action. Agesilaus now chose to march toward the old Persian general headquarters at Sardis.

He came upon the first Persian horse while

crossing the Pactolus, a stream once believed to bear down endless gold in its sands. A series of small wheeling fights followed. These were picturesque affairs between outlying troops, but not serious. Under a flashing sun the bronze-mailed Spartan soldiers resembled great glittering beetles incased in plate and visored helmet, and the fleet Persian horsemen swooped and circled like hawks, while the wily hoplites of Agesilaus turned this way and that to keep facing the foe.

But still the fighting did not stop, and late in the afternoon when it was nearly time to pitch camp, more and more men came up, and the fray began to grow extremely hot. As so often happens, neither commanding officer would have chosen precisely this time or place for a battle, but once their respective scout troops had clashed, each felt committed to the struggle, and from either side reinforcements were pushed forward diligently. The clash began to assume all the proportions of a severe battle.

But Tissaphernes himself was not on the scene, and the officer who controlled the Persian field movements is not known. On the

level ground of the river-valley, with nothing more obstructive than weeds and wide belts of grass, and small fields of growing grain, the mounted men had things very much their own way. Among his horse the Persian had scattered a few companies of light infantry in hopes of presenting a more flexible and rugged defense against the Spartan foot. But the bulk of Tissaphernes' infantry had not come up when Agesilaus decided to deploy his heavy-armed infantry, and to force the situation.

Persian cavalry instead of recoiling preferred to clash. Had they adopted the flexible tactics previously used they might have fared better, but at all events they showed courage. They charged with great skill and valor to receive the Spartans, and the lines closed successfully, and fought hard.

On this memorable and fatal day the Persians saw all the triumphs and struggles of war and diplomacy on the Asian coast wavering in the balance, and they battled for victory with a hardihood worthy of a better result. The rushing attack of Agesilaus' heavy infantry broke them, and the enveloping movement of

the Spartan wings inclosed many of the fugitives who were overtaken, killed, or captured. Some were run down and slain in the open, others driven into the river, and beaten down or drowned.

While this helter-skelter battle was fought of a hot afternoon, in the grassy valley of the Pactolus, Tissaphernes was marching into Sardis. The Persian regulars who survived this disastrous affair were loud in their criticism of his conduct. Thereupon, Artaxerxes sent a new satrap into Caria, and at the Great King's suggestion Tissaphernes was arrested and beheaded without the formality of a trial.

Late in the summer, Tithraustes, Tissaphernes' successor, bought a truce with Agesilaus for thirty talents. This, the Spartan estimated, was enough to feed and to further equip his expedition, and he could then turn his attention to the northern provinces which Pharnabazus still ruled.

Diplomacy became no less active in 395 B. C. than in 1929 A. D. Tithraustes despatched to Thebes a trusted Rhodian agent called Timocrates. Little is known of this shady char-

acter, a dark oriental spy, who visited also at Corinth, Argos, and Athens. As evidence of his proposals he carried fifty talents in gold, and he came to talk war with Lacedæmon.

One insignificant factor after another, among the little Greek city-states, combined to foment disaster. A small dispute between the Phocians and the Locrians set off the spark. Instantly the Thebans came to the aid of the Locrians who lived on their own frontier, and were their friends, while the Phocians promptly appealed to Lacedæmon. The spark sprang to a blaze, and the ancient theory of the balance of power had failed again to function. As for the Spartans, they were in no wise displeased, but licked their lean chops in grim anticipation. They had had long-standing grudges against the Thebans.

Matters looked none too promising for Thebes. Sparta now summoned back from Asia her most spectacularly successful general, Lysander, and following a quick declaration of war her army began to mobilize for an invasion of Phocis.

As usually happens in such an imbroglio, the Theban senate wanted and needed help. Con-

sequently they sent a hurried embassy to Athens. Much debating ended finally in Athens voting to join Thebes in her struggle against the overwhelming military autocracy of Sparta.

Meanwhile Lysander and his first contingent marched over the frontier into the green fields of Phocis, and without waiting for the arrival of reinforcements and auxiliary troops under Pausanias, moved up to the wall of Haliartus, to attack the local Theban garrison. A long winding road leads up a steep little hill, and is flanked by orchards and brushy thickets. A low wall, stone and solidly built, shut off the way, and Theban infantry blocked all passage.

Lysander's unprovoked and ill-considered demonstration brought its instant and inevitable result. As his column stretched up the hill, and his leading squads crossed the rocky wall, a reserve squadron of Theban cavalry with a battalion of heavy infantry emerged unexpectedly from an ambuscade on the Thebans' left, and coming out of the orchards and brushy cover they curved into view across the grassy slope, and charged down the hill to attack the whole long exposed flank of the Spartan col-

umn. Wild fighting followed, and under a cloud of dust, and a hot sun, in a stampede of disordered files, cluttered up with shattered equipment, broken lances and sabres, abandoned packs, and dead and dying men, the once unbeatable Spartan infantry gave way. Every thrust of the lightning-keen short swords sank to the vitals. The rock-strewn slope was smeared with blood and dead, with wounded men on hands and knees sobbing and gulping as life ebbed with the gushing blood. Lysander was beaten to the ground, fighting with desperation, cutting and slashing when he could no longer stand, and under a rain of blows the quivering body was still at last. As has happened a thousand times since, a brilliant officer paid the last penalty for contemptuously undervaluing an untried enemy.

The wreck of Lysander's routed regiment finally rallied in the valley below the Haliartus slope, turned ferociously upon pursuers, and butchered two hundred of the rasher Thebans, bringing the matter of losses more nearly to an equality. But in the death of their brilliant if misguided leader the Laconians had sustained

a blow not to be offset by the slaughter of any number of Theban privates. The last great flashing genius of the Peloponnesian War was dead.

By the time Pausanias had joined the Spartans with reinforcements next day, an Athenian brigade had come up to aid the Thebans, and the deadlock remained unbroken. Pausanias felt the caution Lysander had lacked, and after some wary fencing, drew back his forces within his own boundaries.

Thus ended the first clash, and decidedly in favor of the rebellious allies.

While this was going on at home, Agesilaus and Xenophon had arrived in the first week of September on the frontier of Phrygia. The Spartan king's cavalry squadrons preceding his heavier columns, trampled down or burned everything they could destroy. His march proper proved uneventful, for no enemy appeared in the field. Persian general headquarters made no organized effort to protect this hapless province, and Pharnabazus appeared unequal to the task or feared to essay it.

Xenophon and his friends made a good deal of money out of this plundering, for Agesilaus gathered in enormous booty, and manipulated the slave markets till his own coterie were able to profit consistently in the transactions. Xenophon says explicitly in his life of Agesilaus that the king took good care of his friends, and mentions how, referring to these same affairs.

After completing a slow-wheeling march of some five hundred miles in Persian territory, leaving a wake of ashes and barrenness, Agesilaus quartered his men for the winter in a group of public-parks property of Pharnabazus. Here, as in former times, on the march up to Cunaxa, Xenophon found good hunting, and between splendid game, large coveys of wild fowl, and the fishing, Xenophon remarked that the army got through the winter very well indeed.

True to the instincts of a country gentleman, he rode and hunted whenever he could. He put in day after day at this sport, and found in the successes of the chase a vicarious recompense for previous privations. Even when snow fell deep, and the inclement weather kept

others indoors, this hardy huntsman got out to exercise his horses and to follow the deer and wild boar.

Only one incident marred the easy routine of cantonment life. One snowy day in midwinter Pharnabazus swooped down on a careless foraging column, and though outnumbered, he came fiercely to grips. His cavalry made themselves felt, and when he drew off, he left more than a hundred Spartans dead or dying, in the snow.

Wandering scouts discovered and brought in the news of Pharnabazus' own camp locality. A raid in retaliation was speedily arranged, and four days later a Spartan column marched out. They tramped all night through the snow to arrive at Pharnabazus' quarters in the frozen gray of a winter dawn, and attacked his place with fury.

If he were actually in camp at the time, Pharnabazus made good his escape, but his surprised troops were killed right and left, and survivors scattered to the four winds. The triumphant Spartans brought off much of the Persian baggage, and the souvenir hunters con-

soled themselves for their icy march in the bleak weather by loading down with silver-chased drinking horns and mugs.

Agesilaus finally made truce with Pharnabazus, and when the snow melted, and the roads became passable for his heavy baggage-wagons, the Spartan marched south. In the meanwhile the home government at Sparta despatched orders for Agesilaus' recall. When the orderly arrived from Lacedæmon with such news, Agesilaus saw crumbling at one stroke the vast fabric of his Asian ambitions.

Agesilaus had just missed being an Alexander.

As for his men, Xenophon wrote that some who gathered around their commander's tent to hear the news from home burst into tears. But there was no way out of it then. Xenophon felt badly enough, for he worshipped Agesilaus, and he had hopes of winning more wealth and promotion in the Spartan service. But other causes for worry soon assailed his mind.

Agesilaus detailed four thousand men to serve under one of his staff, Euxenus. These

he left as the nucleus for a Spartan army of permanent occupation in Asia. He at once put the rest of his huge column into motion for the Hellespont.

This situation gave Xenophon some unexpected trouble. He was still carrying about the treasure dedicated at Sinope to Artemis of Ephesus, and which up to date he had had no opportunity to offer. The war in Europe burst upon his horizon like a thunderclap, and Xenophon foresaw that the struggle would be terrible. As the column started for the Hellespont, therefore, he turned aside from the line of march, and went to Ephesus. There he hunted down the priest of Artemis, a stately Asian called Megabyzus, and gave him the money. Xenophon enjoined the priest to hold it in safe keeping, and asked that if he himself survived the money should be returned to him so that he could spend it as he saw fit in honor of the goddess. But if he was destined to meet death in the approaching struggle, then Megabyzus should take the money, and make such use of it as would be most likely to please Artemis.

Megabyzus gravely assented, took the chest of gold, and put it away. Xenophon resumed his arms and armor—put off when one entered the sacred precincts of a temple or temple grove —and with conscience curiously lightened, hastened after his companions.

After a long and uneventful march the army crossed into Europe. Agesilaus paraded his whole force, and when they had passed in review, a group of previously designated judges gave prizes to the men and the companies that had shown the neatest equipment and had held the best front and appearance.

Selecting the same route south that Xerxes once had chosen, Agesilaus marched for home. The great general who had had such long and elaborate training was on his way to meet his greatest test. And Xenophon? With Thebes and Athens lining up together to confront their ancient enemy, Agesilaus' chief staff-officer was an Athenian. Xenophon was conspicuous in the hostile ranks. There is no blinking the fact. Affection for Agesilaus carried the day.

But parties rose and fell in ancient Athens with remarkable facility. For years the sol-

dier had not seen his old home. Year after year, he had lived among the Spartans and absorbed their ways. To his cool and orderly intellect the machine-like discipline of Lacedæmon was an easy yoke to carry and a good style of conduct to obey.

Since Xenophon had left Athens, Socrates had been slandered, arrested, tried before a caricature of a court, and brutally put to death. The old Academy was closed. The students had fled to the four corners of the earth. Parties had come and gone, governments had changed. New faces were in command, and these new men had murdered the closest tie Xenophon felt for his old city.

The man no longer saw Athens as his real home.

The truth is that the soldier of fortune had become a cosmopolite, and if he served in the Spartan ranks it was because Agesilaus was a good friend and had helped him in many ways. Gratitude and friendship often swayed Xenophon notoriously when cold reason would have worked little effect. So it laid no great strain on the soldier, the philosopher, and the citizen

of the world, that he found himself lined up with the ancestral foes. Agesilaus was glad to have him, and the Spartans looked like pretty good people to Xenophon.

Xenophon's home, now, was the army.

As days went by, and the hurrying column pounded south, he heard in the crash of every steel-shod step the iron knell of Athenian despots. And in a man of such scrupulously honorable character, whose religious leanings are a matter for wonder in a sceptical age, this attitude of unconscious self-approval has its weight. As for his dusty, panting Spartan files, they pulled up their belts, and wiped the grime off their faces with the backs of hairy sunburned hands, and wondered when and where the first clash would come, while muttered complaints rose about rations, sore feet, and the shortage of water.

Front-line soldiers the world over have much the same thoughts.

Meanwhile the war office at home had issued new general orders to all states allied to Sparta, and to the Spartan armies in the field. Pausanias had fled from Lacedæmon, and the sen-

ate had designated to lead the Laconians north an officer called Aristodemus. He marched out with all the available levies, and picked up as he went the auxiliary contingents from Tegea and Mantinea.

In the meantime the quadruple coalition of Athens, Argos, Thebes, and Corinth, like most coalitions, was too slow in getting under way. Instead of mustering promptly, and carrying the war to Laconia, the season grew late before the allies had completed mobilization, and gathered at Corinth. Here, again, rival generals quarrelled over details, and the evils of divided command played ruinous games with allied troops.

The Spartan column, as Timolaus of Corinth cynically told his fellow officers in council, was like a river; it was steadily swelling in bulk and magnitude as it flowed along. He might have added that Spartan morale climbed fast with the junction of the Tegean and Mantinean soldiers.

And every day of delay brought down closer from Thrace Agesilaus and Xenophon and the Asian veterans.

Presently it was too late to fight the battle in Lacedæmon. Therefore the allied armies marched deliberately out of Corinth, and halted in the dry dusty plain between Corinth and Sicyon. Skirmishers sent ahead harassed the Spartan advance without actually checking it. High winds blew, and whorls of dust spun across the level, the sun blazed hotly, and outrunners from the Spartan infantry set fire to all the inflammable property they could find, till tremendous clouds of smoke and flame produced confusion that became anarchic disorder.

When the two armies came in sight of each other, and made the first definite contact, the allied troops dropped back behind the dry bed of an insignificant stream called the Nemea. It was then late in the day, and the Spartans who were already coolly dominating the situation after their habitual fashion, felt no great hurry to give battle.

Aristodemus thought he would rather stop and rest for the night. With the head of his column less than two thousand yards from the allied ranks, Aristodemus halted his Laconians, looked over the coalition soldiers in insolent

fashion, and encamped. He had numerous allies of his own, but neither commander had released information to the public about the small losses which continually diminish any army in the field, and as for sickness, desertion, death, or accidental absence without leave there is no way of determining how deeply these unstable factors had cut into either organization.

But the Spartan had a force roughly estimated as equal to his enemy, that is between twenty thousand and twenty-five thousand men, and the general physical condition of privates on either side was about the same. Spartan discipline and coolness, however, were worth something, and among the allies these qualities were not so outstanding.

Next morning after a quiet breakfast the columns moved into their respective positions with something of the grim deliberation of prehistoric monsters. Heavily armed and armored they uncoiled like huge reptiles. Bright bronze helmets with tall black and scarlet crests, heavy bronze breastplates, shields, and greaves, weighted down the hoplites, and the scarlet

tunics of the Spartans added a blaze of solid and vivid color.

Anxious to make sure that they could not be outflanked, the Thebans who led the allied right veered out of a straight line in their advance, and to maintain contact with their companions the Athenians who adjoined them felt forced to follow. Thus before a blow was struck the whole allied line went askew.

The inevitable consequence, as the two battle lines faced each other, became a series of enveloping movements around each wing. For the Thebans circled and beat back the Spartan auxiliaries in front of them, while the Athenians drawn out of their proper alignment gradually yielded to the desperate charge of the Spartan heavy infantry.

A bright sunny day gave the fighters plenty of light and warmth, and there was nothing in the weather or the field to interfere with or hamper either party. On both sides men fought with fury. Argive and Corinthian regiments finally broke bodily through the Spartan allies from Tegea and Mantinea, overbearing the fighting ranks, and trampling them down to

sink lance and sword into the writhing bodies underfoot. But in spite of the frantic efforts of their officers, the Athenians, at first slowly then in a headlong rush, gave ground before the Spartan hoplites who enveloped them inflicting enormous losses.

The rout of their allied soldiers put the Spartans' regiments in some danger, but they held together superbly, closed up their ranks, and successively met and beat off Argives, Corinthians, and Thebans. Before the day was over, the condition of the Spartan infantry was pitiable, but indomitable nerve and resolution enabled them to remain technical masters of the bloody field.

Rarely has high discipline stood an army in better stead. Reflecting upon such incidents, Xenophon wrote, "Good discipline is an absolute necessity, for the lack of discipline has destroyed many."

Agesilaus and Xenophon had long since left Macedonia and Thrace, and two weeks after this indecisive butchery they arrived in Thessaly. Sparta's brief hegemony of Greece drew near to an inglorious close. While Agesilaus

skirmished across Thessaly, and his cavalry vedettes trotted south to find an allied army, disaster had dogged the Spartans on the sea.

But Agesilaus marched on in the face of gathering omens of bad luck. In lower Thessaly he was hard pressed by plundering natives who without exception were allied to Thebes. And for a time it seemed incumbent on the Spartan to lead his army in a hollow square across the great plain of Thessaly. This reminded Xenophon of the days long since gone in which he had led his men in a hollow square up the sandy valley of the Euphrates toward the mountains of Armenia. He had practical advice to offer, and through it all he was Agesilaus' steady friend and confidant.

Again and again the Thessalians challenged with their cavalry, just as Tissaphernes had once harassed the Ten Thousand. But, confronted by the Spartans' heavy infantry, even these eager and high-spirited centaurs thought better of it, and dropped back. While leisurely engaged in these tactics, feinting a charge, then retreating, Agesilaus drew up a troop of cavalry, his personal guards, behind a sudden dust

screen, and at the very crisis of a retiring movement, launched them on the Thessalians. He caught them unawares, unable to draw up or to reform, and overrode and shattered their best troops. For a time Agesilaus' way south was cleared. Flank pressure was relieved, and the general marched on in more cheerful spirit.

Next day they saw the boundary of Bœotia, and the sun grew crescent-shaped and strange in a cloudy sky. Omens of ill-fortune came thick and fast. A Spartan courier arrived, and reported privately to Agesilaus, bearing the news that the Spartan admiral Peisander was dead, and all of Sparta's fleet sunk or dispersed.

Peisander had given battle to a coalition fleet off Cnidus. With eighty-five sail, on the anniversary of the bloody affair at Lade—a fatal omen—Peisander engaged a fleet of one hundred ships, partly Greek and partly Persian all arrayed temporarily against Sparta. His allied vessels from the Ægean islands fled. But the Spartan fought, and sank, still fighting. The sun went down on a sea strewn far and wide with floating wreckage, and corpses. In the night the shattered hulks of sinking and burn-

ing ships painted the blackness with a blaze as red as the blood poured out on the troubled waters. Part of the Spartan fleet was driven ashore, beached, and captured.

The wheel is forever turning. After a hundred years Persia was again unchallenged mistress of the Ægean. It was the most ferocious sea fight since the sanguinary struggle at Corcyra which had opened the Peloponnesian War.

Grief seized Agesilaus, but he posted up an immediate bulletin for his army that Peisander who had led the Spartan fleet at Cnidus had been killed after winning a great victory. While the loss of Peisander angered them, Spartan files felt encouragement at the news of victory. That afternoon in a series of skirmishes with Theban scout troops they beat off the enemy in good style. Agesilaus' march south had been well scouted by the coalition levies, and the Thebans and Athenians were ready for him when he arrived.

Next day the hostile armies saw each other.

Xenophon's feelings were strangely mixed when he perceived the best troops of Athens before him. But he was in then, and it was

too late to draw back. He could aptly reflect upon Sophocles' verse, "One may not war with fate!"

He wrote frankly that the battle which followed was like no other of his own time. Coming from a man who had soldiered on two continents, and had seen a hundred fights great and small, it is a dreadfully significant remark.

On the plain of Coronea met rival troops to whom Livy's famous words might appositely be applied: "They struggled with a hate greater than their strength—" Strange to relate, Xenophon wrote, there was none of the yelling and screaming of so many other fights. But in a ghastly silence they moved up to each other, and one could hear men breathing hard, as they looked over the rims of their shields into opposing ranks. Eyes met eyes in a level glare of hate, and they could hear the tramp of uncoiling columns, and the low rattle of brass and leather accoutrements. But otherwise there was silence while they regarded each other.

Heavy infantry were about equal. In light infantry Agesilaus had a slight edge. Cavalry squadrons again were nearly numerically the

same. Equipment was similar, though the war-worn veterans of the Asian fighting had less polish and shine than their garrison opponents. Roughly estimated there was little to choose between the two armies. Agesilaus and his staff occupied the right wing, and he put his Orchomenian allies at his extreme left. The lines nearly equalled each other as they stood opposite, and the Spartan veterans presented a striking picture, one that blazed with bronze and scarlet.

At two hundred yards the Theban infantry broke silence, for one instant, with one ringing cheer; then they charged at a dead run. Here at least were desperate men, unafraid of the dreaded Spartans. Even Agesilaus had to learn that soldiers who prefer death to loss of liberty are scarcely to be beaten.

Again, as at the Nemea, lesser troops gave way. The Orchomenian allies of Agesilaus were trampled underfoot, and speedily butchered, while the Argives on the coalition side found it beyond their power to withstand the heavy Spartan infantry in whose ranks Agesilaus and Xenophon fought. And the main bulk

of either army, after beating off the lighter auxiliaries of its adversary, locked in a deathly grapple with its chief foe.

Here, at last, the hate of two generations found outlet in bloodletting, and Theban and Spartan clung together with the fury of maniacs, pushing, pulling, and shoving, while shield crashed upon shield, and the broad-bladed, razor-edged, short swords got in their deadly work. In this desperate situation, Agesilaus, still master tactician, wheeled in both flanks of his Spartan infantry striving hard to inclose the Thebans, just as Hannibal many years later was to inclose and slaughter the Romans at Cannæ. Theban formations favored his move, for they had deepened their files to an amazing extent hoping by sheer weight to smash through the shallower Spartan line. But never had tortured soldiers shown more tenacity than did the Spartan; and even with their greater weight in column the Theban assault failed of its purpose to break through. At the same second the wheeling Spartans closed down on both flanks.

This affair is the greatest tribute to the infantry of the Spartan centre that could be imag-

ined. Set upon by a column in which files were in many places fifty deep, and borne irresistibly backward by the superior weight of the human battering-ram that was gouging into the vitals of their army, the Spartans clung to their formation like madmen, yielding ground under inhuman pressure, but yielding nothing of their tactical position, with relation to their other regiments.

On the right wing, Xenophon had fair opportunity to see the whole agony, and to realize to the full the unconquerable hate and obstinacy of the combatants. At the same time being in front, he had enough to do to take care of himself. But the sheer intensity of this fighting made good tactical movement almost an impossibility. Locked together like two coiling reptiles, the inextricably interwined columns could not be pulled apart. Only one idea was left, to kill, and still to kill. It became as Xenophon described it the most ferocious land battle of a generation. Most of the engaged forces died in their tracks.

Dust, heat, and thirst choked and dried the men's mouths. Blazing sunlight that glittered

down from an unclouded blue and reflected back wildly from polished arms and armor, blinded their vision, while sweat ran down their bodies in streams. Xenophon saw and suffered it all. Man crashed against man, and muscle strained upon muscle. Their clothes matted and soaked with sweat and dirt, and dying soldiers pounded underfoot dripped feebly welling blood from wide gashes in their bodies till death laid them still.

In effect, Coronea was a Theban victory, for with sundown the Theban phalanx, drawing together for their supremest effort, burst at last completely through the Spartan ranks, shattering Agesilaus' lines in a manner new to that wily veteran. Disentangling themselves from the livid litter of dead and dying, the Theban regiments drew apart, and Agesilaus' decimated remnants left them unmolested. The Thebans camped for the night near Mount Helicon, and the struggle ended.

Xenophon called it a Spartan victory. But as both armies after frightful losses remained on the field, and as Agesilaus had not succeeded in his primary purpose which was to put down

the Theban rebellion by routing and crushing their field army, the actual and moral advantage lies with the Thebans.

In the cold light of the next morning, when the hate and fury of the previous day had waned, Xenophon felt a profound shock at sight of the battle-ground. Very few who have crossed a hard-fought field on the morning after have not experienced something of the same sickening sensation. "A horrible sight met the eye of one who surveyed the scene of conflict. Blood smeared the earth," he wrote, "friend and enemy lay side by side; shields shattered to fragments; spears snapped in two; daggers drawn from their sheaths, some lying on the ground, some deeply sunk in human bodies and still gripped by the dead hands of their owners!"

A day later Agesilaus fell in his sore and weary men, and having gathered up his wounded and buried his dead, while the Thebans under a flag did the same by theirs, he marched south to Sparta. In the bloodiest and most ruthless struggle since Thermopylæ, the Thebans had proved beyond all shadow of

doubt that they could hold their own with the highly touted veterans of Agesilaus' Asian campaigns. And the lesson, once driven home, was not suffered to be forgotten.

A tedious war of positions continued throughout 393 and 392 B. C. till in 391 Conon rebuilt the Long Walls of Athens, and Sparta admitted that her ancient enemy rival was once more on a plane of parity with herself. Persian gold furnished most of the power for this building.

As for the city council of Athens, it announced specifically that the traitor Xenophon had become an outlaw and a deserter, and from that time forward he was banned forever from Athens.

SUNDOWN

XENOPHON was in no way disconcerted by the sad news of his exile. He marched back to Sparta with the remnants of Agesilaus' battered and almost beaten army, and the Spartan senate voted him an estate near Scillus. For a time Xenophon and the rest of the war-worn Asian veterans remained in the stony old Dorian town, recuperating, laying vague plans for the future, and watching the progress of the war. At last he removed to his farm.

In fact, after the battle at Coronea, he dropped completely out of the active affairs of the Spartan war party. His ambitions were fulfilled, he had travelled, and fought, and visited, in many lands. He had won wealth, or at least a generous competence. Natural desire for rural life got the better of him, aided probably by growing age and the effects of his hard campaigns.

Scillus was a small country settlement, well removed from the beaten tracks of trade and war. On the surrounding mountain slopes were springs and small forests, and the soil seemed

fertile. It was not a long journey into Sparta when business called him back, and here the settler established his home.

Greek domiciles of the period were roughly built, but comfortable, better houses in the cities being constructed chiefly of stone, but many being partly of wood. Hunting lodges and country houses such as Xenophon owned differed not so much from many country houses and hunting lodges of the present day. In the comparatively warm and easy climate tight construction was not imperative, and great fireplaces supplied light, heat, and much of the cooking space. Robes of wool and furs draped over rough wooden couches and chairs let the occupants lounge about in comfort, and a few tapestries, some done with considerable skill, decorated the walls. Heavy logs laid one upon another and smoothed off within formed the framework of the house, and the roof sloped a little, and ivy and myrtle trained up the walls presently covered parts of the building.

On his wooded estate he found ample room to indulge his favorite sport of hunting. In the brushy thickets of the mountain country

deer, hares, and wild boar gave him the active exercise he so craved, while he settled down to cultivate the farm-land proper, and at leisurely intervals to write the books that have carried his name down through twenty-three centuries.

"The practical advantages of hunting," he says, "are many. It makes the body healthy, improves the sight, and the hearing, and keeps men from growing old. It affords the best training for war. For men who are sound in mind and body stand always on the threshold of success."

The open-air life, at all events, was Xenophon's *credo*, and seems well to have repaid him.

His distaste for growing old is profoundly a Greek feeling. Age and death alike were repugnant to this beauty-loving, childlike people. Mimnermus' lyrics express a shudder at the thought of age, and Achilles said sadly to Odysseus when visited among the shades, "Rather would I live again and see the sun, and be a slave in the house of the poorest man in all Greece, than to reign here as king over all the dead, the dead who are no more."

This is Xenophon's own mind, even if the words are Homer's.

Incidentally, the hunting, as Xenophon carried it on, was rather more of a strenuous sport than one might think. For it was almost entirely a footracing affair, and following a hare and hounds a-foot across rough country is a profound tax upon wind and legs. Boar hunting carried its element of danger, and the chase of the red deer seemed to him the noblest amusement of all.

For twenty years the soldier and philosopher lived at Scillus, and if away from his home he was absent only for very short intervals. He attended to the education of his own sons, and tutored the children of Agesilaus.

Not very long after Xenophon settled at Scillus a curious little incident happened which throws some light on the honesty of these far-wandering folk. One day a visitor came to the farmhouse where ivy and vines wreathed around the log lintels, and the surprised servants who rushed out to meet him saw a tall and stately Asian dressed in the loose flowing white robes popular with Orientals, and wear-

ing the fillets and wreath and gold insignia of Artemis. He called for Xenophon, and the astonished country gentleman responded.

Fancy his delight when he recognized his visitor. The man was Megabyzus, the warden of Artemis' temple at Ephesus, and he had brought, safely packed, the money Xenophon once intrusted to his keeping before the march back from Asia. Every copper was scrupulously restored. Megabyzus had come over from Asia, expressly to see the Olympic games which he had heard much mentioned, and was very anxious to view, and this trip had also afforded a long desired chance to repay Xenophon his money.

Xenophon welcomed his guest, entertained him to the utmost resources of the farm, and took the money. When Megabyzus had gone, the host invested the funds in land, selecting some ground well watered by running streams, and heavily wooded. Always the keen eye for hunting! But there was a certain appropriateness in it, for the money had come out of the temple of Artemis, queen of all hunters. On this land, therefore, dedicated to the goddess,

stood a small temple, and the owner of the soil made it his business to see that the sacrifices were regularly offered, and the buildings maintained in good repair.

Xenophon remarks, "All things are possible if the immortal gods will give their consent." At no time did he forget the gods. Piety was as integral a part of his mind as his inborn generosity and readiness to help. So he had good reason to worship the all-wise gods who had seen him safely through so many close places. Repeatedly, for example in his treatise "The Cavalry Commander," he observes that one should work with the gods. "If you are surprised," he writes, "because I say this so often, I assure you that you will cease to wonder about it if you find yourself often in great personal danger." Exhaustive experience dictated the remark, to which many other soldiers of experience will subscribe. The gods did their part well for Xenophon.

The exact date of Xenophon's marriage is uncertain, though it occurred shortly after his arrival at Scillus. In 362 B. C. he lost one of the sons of this union in the battle at Mantinea.

According to an old Attic custom, that of naming a grandson for his grandfather, Xenophon had called the older boy Gryllus after his own father. In spite of Xenophon's detachment from Athens, he let his two children go to school there, where they apparently never met any difficulties because their father had been exiled, and Gryllus enlisted in an Athenian cavalry troop. He was foremost in the onset at Mantinea, and a splendid exhibition of personal courage ended in the boy's death.

News came to Xenophon at Scillus while he was performing a sacrifice. As was customary, a garland was wreathed around his head, and he took this off. But the runner went on to say that the boy had distinguished himself, and had died gallantly and Xenophon rallied. Pride and Spartan discipline got the better of tears, and the grief-stricken father replaced the chaplet, and said only, "I knew my boy was mortal."

Xenophon's wife Philesia may have been a Lacedæmonian, for she followed him thence to Scillus, where they were married, after his residence in Sparta. Little is known of her,

but the home life at Scillus was always happy. They had but the two children, Gryllus and Diodorus.

During these years Xenophon wrote his "Anabasis," filling in upon the scanty journal kept during the actual retreat from Cunaxa. Next, he composed his "Hellenica," a history of Greece to supplement Thucydides' narrative. His biography of Cyrus the Great is so obviously touched up out of proportion to life that it can be taken only as idealization.

Next came his "Memorabilia" or recollections of his old teacher, and of the famous school at Athens. Writing in mature reflection, and toward the end of a long and war-ridden life, Xenophon put down as his opinion of Socrates, "As I keep in mind the wisdom of the man, and his nobility, I can neither forget him, nor, remembering him, refrain from praising him. But if any of those who make virtue their study have ever met a more helpful friend than Socrates, I offer to such a man my congratulations. He is to be envied."

At about the same time several minor treatises on "Hunting," "Horsemanship," and

"Economics" were in process of composition, together with a small biography of Agesilaus, called by that character's name, and almost as eulogistic as the "Cyropædia" or education of Cyrus. A formal defense of Socrates followed these works, and contains some material not paralleled in the "Memorabilia."

Most of the matter quoted about Socrates is quoted from memory, and fills in upon the notes taken years before. For example, he tells many quaint little stories. A man in a great temper, thus, once met Socrates, and the philosopher inquired the reason for such anger. The man said, "I have just met a friend, and saluted him politely, and failed to receive a response."

"That's odd," said Socrates. "If you met a man in bad health, you wouldn't be angry about it, but when you meet a man who is barbarous in his manners, it provokes you!"

Very few have written with greater ease and simplicity than Xenophon. One's style is the measure of his thought, and Xenophon's is ever clear, swift, and straightforward. In the easy flow of his prose is a simple and vivid beauty

and clarity. He achieves effect without struggle, and this through the logical practice of telling the truth directly. Unlike Herodotus, whose narrative is shapeless, unlike Thucydides who is consciously artificial, and whose balanced sentences are so often ponderous, Xenophon writes simply. He is the natural master of ease and simplicity, just as Lysias is the studied master of these qualities. For he achieved laconic narrative without that extreme leanness which is a mark of the artificially hardened style, and while using the fewest words consummate with the sweep and the greatness of his subject, found occasion to employ prose ornament albeit sparingly.

Perhaps this is additional proof of good taste. In writing, as in most other affairs, he tried gracefully not to overdo. If in a dilemma he rather preferred a little less ornamentation than a little more. At all events he escapes any imputation of being gaudy or affected.

Xenophon's strongest claim to attention lies in this, that without being a genius, he achieved greatness in many fields. Without possessing that superlatively hard, inquiring mind which

cuts like a diamond through all it touches, and spells genius in its workings, he developed the powers he did possess until his works bear unmistakable evidence of an acute and wonderfully receptive brain. Xenophon was a true product of the highest type of Periclean education; the steeled physique of a Spartan, the reflective view of a philosopher, the alert inquisitive outlook of a boy. Certain youthful verve and freshness attaches even to his latest work.

Back of and above it all is the curiously religious view-point. Almost one of the last among the old believers, the man felt none of the scepticism animating Euripides or the cynic school. In every portent he saw the hands of the gods, and lived in a world visibly influenced by deities that took beneficent interest in the affairs of men. Even to the lowliest classes, Xenophon thought, the all-wise gods are good.

Socrates who hammered the lessons of logic into Xenophon's youthful mind was so poor that his ungenerous enemy the sophist Antiphon taunted him publicly with his poverty-stricken appearance. Socrates answered proudly. In this

attitude of one who was a firm believer in the gods, Xenophon saw that intellectual hardihood and moral courage are as necessarily the attributes of great men as their shrewd wit and penetrative judgment.

Through the whole troubled drama of his life he moved like a man who felt the firm hand of a divine spirit on his shoulder. No doubt that the Olympians approved of him ever worried his eager mind.

All his script, and particularly his historical work, is curiously free from errors of commission. A more serious grievance is found in his sin of omission. With conscientious care he strove to tell the truth, he was less scrupulous about telling the whole truth. Considering the prevalence of habitual trickery and falsehood among the Greeks, and remembering that Spartan education tacitly condoned when it did not openly encourage petty thievery, pilfering, and deceit, it is highly creditable to the man that he tells his stories as frankly as he does.

Homosexuality, repellant to the occidental mind, was too commonly accepted among Spartans, whose sex life was loose enough to be nearly

promiscuous, to occasion Xenophon any surprise. He has the attitude of a drill sergeant. It is a common error in untrained classical students to regard these phenomena as late developments. But all the curious perversions of sex that Tacitus, for example, attributes to Tiberius and Suetonius to Caligula, and which were largely imported from the Orient, were known in Ionia centuries before the Cæsars. Xenophon stands apart from this sick-souled field. He takes for granted its undeniable facts, to pass on not swiftly as one disgusted, nor cynically as one disillusioned, but naturally. Not since the Homeric Odysseus do we see a character in active Hellenic life so amiably and frankly natural.

More than one point in common exists between the heroic figure of the Homeric chief, and the sturdy soldier of fortune who served under Cyrus six centuries later as the adventurer *par excellence*. Late Greek writers debased the old Odysseus, giving him the character of a wily, cowardly, and unscrupulous fox, but the Homeric soldier was in every sense a superior type, a man worthy of fine representa-

tion, an officer who served his followers well, who was lion-hearted in action, with dignified sagacity in council. And Xenophon is a worthy rival to the legendary Odysseus. Like the ancient sailor of Ithaca, Xenophon carried himself gallantly among dangers and difficulties, gave sound counsel to bewildered men, and under the guidance of the Olympian gods marched on obstinately to a final victory.

That Xenophon is partial to the Lacedæmonians goes without saying. One could hardly live with a close-knit little nation for many years, number his best friends in their ranks, receive a fortune and an estate from them as a present, and not experience a feeling of real gratitude and kindliness. That Xenophon's emotions to some extent swayed his judgment is to be expected. The generous man is often prone to deceive himself, and never more so than when he starts out in a burst of unselfishness to defend a friend who may fall far short of the estimate placed upon him.

Balance and restraint dominate all of Xenophon's writing, but none more than the "Anabasis." In this and the "Hellenica" the rhythm

of his sentences rings with that bell-like note inspired by easy antithesis and effortless poise.

Over the final period of Xenophon's life falls only the shadowy curtain of distance, and it becomes impossible to speak with assurance of all that he did, for we know no source that will furnish us with day-by-day accounts. He lived on his estate, and he was not again an active figure in politics, or in the army, for he neither mentions such things, nor do any of his contemporaries, nor subsequent antiquarians.*

Late in Xenophon's life, the Athenian decree of his banishment was rescinded. Struck by the greatness of his deeds, by the shining reputation as a soldier, a philosopher, and an historian, which he had built up for himself, and fascinated by the charm that clings like faint perfume to his inspired writings, his former fellow citizens desired again to number him within their ranks. But Xenophon came no more to Athens. The place of his death is

*Though I am well aware of the weakness in the argument from silence, it seems that in the case of a public figure so striking and so well known as Xenophon, something can be allowed to the contention. Had he engaged in much public activity, his course would have been known and mentioned.

uncertain, possibly Corinth, the date is unknown.

The last actual reference which the man made, and which can be used certainly in his chronology, is a remark in his "Hellenica" about Tisiphonus succeeding Alexander of Pheræ. This is known to have happened between 359 and 357 B. C. So Xenophon was still alive at that time. If we are correct in fixing 431 B. C. as his probable date of birth, he was then nearly seventy-five.

With the death of Xenophon disappears from the stage of Greek life and letters one of its most charming characters. Charm, as Arnold so well wrote, is the peculiar province of the poetically minded. Wit and scorn the world has in abundance, but characters who charm are rare.

The candor of truth-telling, the eager clarity of a boyish mind, vanish with Xenophon. His sophisticated successors become either too hard and subtile, or too intriguing and knavish. With him died the last great exponent of the Periclean theory of a happy and healthy medium, a theory superlatively pertinent in Xeno-

phon's own case, for he himself was a mind raised by love of truth and beauty, freshness and simplicity, to a plane akin to genius, till as in Pindar's wonderful figures, his reputation had attained the highest heights, to soar like the eagle against the sun.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Though this is not intended to be a work of heavy scholarship, the following bibliographical data is appended for any who care to follow up the subject.

The best, complete, up-to-date Greek text of Xenophon's works is that done for the "Biblioteca Scriptorum Classicorum Oxoniensis," by E. C. Marchant, of Lincoln College, Oxford.

Good translations are available in the "Bohn Classical Library" (Macmillan), in the "Loeb Classical Library" (Putnam), and in the standard classic English translation of Xenophon's works by Henry Grahame Dakyns (Macmillan). This text was begun in 1890 and of the four volumes it is to embrace, three are published.

Many separate editions of individual works, and translations of different parts, have appeared in all countries and languages. Mr. Dakyns, and Mr. Marchant who translated some of the work for the Loeb Library, may be considered English-speaking authorities upon the life and fortunes of our subject.

The "Editio Princeps of Xenophon" appeared at Florence in 1516, by E. Boninus. A subsequent "Aldine," a very nice book, was printed in 1525, and delighted many bibliophiles. So it is clear that Xenophon was a widely read author at a very early date.

There is only one modern biography of Xenophon that I have seen, and it is as much or more concerned with the man's writing than with himself and

his life and luck. This is a little monograph called "Xenophon" by that very able scholar Sir Alexander Grant, and was edited by W. Lucas Collins in a series entitled "Ancient Classics for English Readers." First gotten out in England, the series was later reprinted in Philadelphia by the Lippincott Company, many years ago. The book is long since out of print, and rather scarce. But the real biography of the man is that contained in his writings.

The best and most interesting of Xenophon's works is the "Anabasis," and accordingly it is the book one sees most often in many translations or abridged translations. Second in interest probably is the "Memorabilia," which is also comparatively easy to procure.

The political histories of J. B. Bury and Botsford will give a good background picture of what was going on among contemporary governments and states, and will help the reader to orient himself. Most English editions carry maps of Greece, of Asia, and of Asia Minor, so as to facilitate examination of the localities in which these men lived and travelled.

As for names, however, they have been so much changed by the modern Turks that without the aid of good maps it is not easy to follow the action. Ancient maps will give the correct nomenclature.

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Jacks, Leo V.
Xenophon, soldier of fortune

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